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# THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

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## THE POPE.

THE origin of the word *pope* has given rise to as much dispute as Homer's birthplace. According to some it is formed from a certain manipulation of the letters of "Pastor Pastorum," *Shepherd of Shepherds*, or of "Pater Patrum," *Father of Fathers*. Others try to derive it from "Pater Omnium Populorum Electorum," *Father of all the elect*; and they are not the few who maintain that its origin lies in the Greek interjection (παπαι), *papai*, equivalent to the stereotyped "Ye gods!" But the most fanciful of all derivations—and we could wish it were more than fancy that prompted it—forms it from the initial letters of "Petri Apostoli Potestatem Accipiens," that is, *He who receives the power of Peter the Apostle*.

That all these derivations fall short of truth we need hardly stop to prove, for it is too well known to the simplest tyro in Oriental literature that the word *pope* is nothing else but the English form of the Eastern term for *father*. In the Slavo-Russian dialect the word is spelled precisely like our own, In the Wallachian language it is *popa*;

in the Hungarian, it is *pap*; and in the old German, *pfaff*; all different forms of the selfsame word.

In the so-called "Holy Orthodox Church," the Schismatic Church of the East, the term *pope* is as common to-day, when speaking of priests, as *father* or *reverend father* is with ourselves. Every priest in Russia is known and called by that name, and not only in Russia, but throughout the entire East. It is the exact equivalent of our term *father*, and is applied to all, without distinction of grade.

And that the word *pope* had this extended application, even in the Latin Church at one time, is proved by innumerable testimonies. Pope St. Gregory VII, however, in 1073, restricted its use to the Sovereign Pontiff alone, and from his days it has ceased to be applied to any other ecclesiastic in the Western Church.

## THE POPE'S ELECTION.

There is much that is interesting in papal elections; for, from whatever stand we view it, our better knowledge must give way in pronouncing the position of Vicar of

Christ the most exalted that man can fill. Without entering, however, into the multitudinous details of papal elections in general, it must suffice, for the present, to say, that from the time of Pope Alexander III, 1179, the sole right of election has been vested in the Sacred College of Cardinals, and that the method now pursued is termed *election by scrutiny*. To obtain a legitimate appointment, it is necessary that two-thirds of the entire body favor a particular individual.

Let us suppose that the Holy Father has just discharged the last debt of nature. As soon as this intelligence comes to the ears of the Dean of the Sacred College, letters are immediately dispatched to all the cardinals absent, in order to apprise them of the fact, and request their speedy appearance at Rome for the purpose of considering a new election. Ten days are allotted by the canons for all the cardinals to be present. During this time their Eminences keep pouring in from all directions, in order to prepare for the discharge of one of the heaviest duties imposed upon them by that Church whose *hinges* they are esteemed to be. It may be well to note here that cardinals of every grade have a voice in the election of the Supreme Pontiff, even though they be *suspended, degraded, or excommunicated*. The only exception made is in case of those who may not have yet attained the Sacred Order of Diaconate. If, from any sudden press of circumstances, it should be found necessary to enter on the election of a pontiff before all have assembled, the *onus* would devolve on those who may be present, and their choice would be considered as final by the canons as though the entire sacred body had co-operated in it. This would be true, even though the number present amounted only to two.

After nine days have been spent in celebrating the obsequies of the deceased pontiff, orders are issued

on the tenth to enter *conclave*—a term borrowed from the Latin to signify “under key,” because the cardinals, during election, are literally “locked up” in their respective rooms. The rigor attending the deliberations of the conclave is proverbial. There is nothing in the diplomatic ceremonial of nations to compare with it.

On the morning of the tenth day all the cardinals meet in a body, at the Church of St. Sylvester, and proceed on foot to the Quirinal Palace, where the elections are carried on to-day instead of at the Vatican as formerly.

Accompanying each cardinal there is a certain number of attendants to administer to his wants during his time “under lock and key.” He generally takes with him a chaplain, a secretary, one or two masters of ceremonies, a physician, and a barber. As soon as the entire body have reached the Quirinal a suite of rooms is portioned out to each, which he occupies during the conclave. These rooms are always given by lot, and, to preclude all danger of disturbance or interference from outside, armed guards are continually parading in front of them, and the most rigid measures are taken to hinder every shadow of undue communication with their Eminences while the work of election is going on. The deliberations of each day are opened with a solemn Mass of the Holy Ghost, and a sermon, touching the nature of the great work they are engaged in, is delivered to them by some person appointed specially for the task. There are two sessions a day, at which each casts a vote for the particular cardinal who, in his opinion, possesses the qualities required for the papal chair. The name of the nominee is written on a small card and deposited on the altar in a chalice set apart for the purpose. Simultaneously with the deposition of his vote each cardinal pronounces



aloud this form of oath: "I call to witness Christ the Lord, who is to judge me, that I am choosing the person who, before God, ought to be elected." After all the votes have been deposited, they are carefully counted, and if it be found that no person present has two-thirds of the number in his favor, all are consigned to the flames, and the work begins anew.

Should the conclave, for any reason, be protracted longer than two days without having come to a final agreement regarding any person, by a decree of Pope Gregory X, in 1271, the fare of the conclavists is reduced to one single dish of plain food *per diem*; and if the fifth day should intervene, and yet find them undecided, the same pontiff ordained that their rations be cut down to bread, wine, and water. There ought to be but little temptation for their Eminences to prolong their labors on such fare as this.

Curious things are on record about what happens sometimes in conclave. The rigor already alluded to, regarding the general discipline that regulates the free disposition of the voters, even extends itself to the very food conveyed to the cardinals from their respective houses. Not many conclaves ago one of their Eminences gave orders for a choice dinner to be brought him on a certain day, while deliberating on the election of a pontiff. The meal was at hand at the nick of time, but, just as the waiter was about to convey it to its destined owner, the official whose duty it was to see that nothing suspicious passed by with impunity, spying on the server a curiously done up chicken, and thinking that something more than culinary art had been concerned in its preparation, gave orders at once to overhaul it, and so thorough a riddling did it receive that it was utterly impossible to tell, when it reached its destination, whether it had ever belonged to the feathered race.

The difficulty of coming to a speedy issue in conclave is often very great. The cardinals have been known, in times gone by, to have sat for days and days together without finding a single member who united the requisite number of votes.

A "long parliament" of this kind occurred after the decease of Pope Clement XII, in the year 1740. For days and days, in the conclave that immediately succeeded, the cardinals earnestly plied their anxious labors, but all to no purpose; no one could be found uniting two-thirds of the votes. While this state of things was pending, various advices were given, and several suggestions made by the members concerned, in order to insure a speedy choice. Prayers to the Holy Ghost, and prayers for the intercession of the Ever Blessed Virgin Mary were earnestly offered, in order that the choice might fall immediately on a worthy member to fill the new-made vacancy. It pleased God at last to lend a favorable ear to their entreaties. We refer to the circumstances attending the election of Cardinal Lambertini, who, upon becoming pope, assumed the title of Benedict XIV. Few have brought more eminent qualifications to the papal chair than he.

All intercourse between the cardinals during conclave is forbidden under pain of excommunication. The same anathema follows those who lay wagers in favor of any particular individual's election, fearing the love of money may bring into play any undue influence on the freedom of the voters.

As soon as a final decision has been made, the Cardinal Dean of the Sacred College approaches the newly elected pontiff to ascertain what name he wishes to assume. When this has been ascertained, he places on the fingers of his Holiness the so-called "Fisherman's Ring," and issues prompt orders to all the officials present to prepare

for the grand ceremony of presenting the new pope to the anxious crowd in front of the Quirinal. Let us suppose ourselves carried back in spirit to that lovely summer day of June 17th, 1846, when our glorious Pio Nono stood for the first time on the Quirinal balcony in the exalted capacity of successor of St. Peter. A procession was formed of all the cardinals present, headed by innumerable bands of religious orders and ecclesiastics of every grade. In front marched a cleric with a gorgeous golden cross, the cross of papal processions. The superb appearance of the cardinals in their purple robes on this occasion, and the solemn grandeur that seemed depicted on the countenances of all who took part in the sacred ceremonies, were the means of impressing many observers that day with the heavenly beauty inherent in the Ritual of the Catholic Church. When the entire procession had arrived in front of the balcony, the cardinal dean stepped forward, and with a voice which seemed re-echoed in heaven, announced the following solemn tidings:

"Annuncio vobis gaudicem magnum; habemus Papam, Reverendissimum ac Eminentissimum Dominum Nostrum Joannem Mariam Mastai Ferretti, qui sibi nomen imposuit Pium nonum;" that is: "I announce to you great joy; we have a Pope, the Most Reverend and Eminent Lord, John Mary Mastai Ferretti, who has taken to himself the name of Pius the Ninth." At the instant these words were heard the cannons of St. Angelo roared, the bells throughout the city simultaneously began their solemn pealing, and the entire home of the Cæsars, from end to end, was alive with outbursts of "Long life to Pio Nono!" Such is the demonstration usual on occasions like these, for the Italians look on the day of the promulgation of a pope's election as the grandest *fete* day in the Catholic Church. But we must not forget to mention

one touching incident of that beautiful 17th of June, when the election of our present Holy Father was made known. It is customary on these occasions for the new pope to impart his solemn benediction, and Pius the Ninth stepped a pace or two forward to impart his, but just as he had lifted his hands to heaven his feelings gave way, and so, holding his head between his hands, he leant over the vast crowd beneath, and burst into a flood of tears. Many who saw him moved at the spectacle and wept too.

#### CHANGE OF NAME.

We have stated that the pope changes his name upon being elected. This must be understood, however, as carrying no obligation of any kind with it. The matter is entirely left to the wish of the pontiff himself. If he choose to assume a new name he is free to do so; if he prefer to retain his own Christian name there is nothing in the canons forbidding it. We have had several popes who retained their own names the entire length of their Pontificate. Adrian VI, in 1522, did so, and so did Pope Marcellus II, who soon followed after. According to the best authorities, it was Pope Sergius IV, in 1009, that first introduced this so-called custom. The real name of Sergius was *Peter*; but out of his love and esteem for the name of the Prince of the Apostles, he was unwilling to be called "Peter II," and hence he took the name of *Sergius the Fourth*.

Although, as we have said, there is nothing in the canons requiring a change of this kind we are speaking of, yet it cannot be denied that there is a special propriety in doing so, a propriety which has the example of God himself to sanction it. Thus in the Old Law, when the "Father of the Faithful" was commanded to leave his country and devote his energies to the immediate interests of Jehovah, his former name, which



meant "high father," or "great father," was changed to *Abraham*, which means "father of a multitude." And in the New Law, when our Divine Saviour appointed Simon to rule and watch over his Church, he changed his name to *Peter*, a more significant name than the one he bore. And if we wish to carry the matter further, we read in the Apocalypse of St. John, that among the marks of distinction that will be given hereafter in heaven to those who bear up with the ills that surround them in life, a *new name* is expressly mentioned. "To him that overcometh I will give the hidden manna, and will give him a white counter, and in the counter a *new name* written, which no man knoweth but he that receiveth it."

Change of name, therefore, following such an extraordinary elevation of position as that of Vicar of Christ, has many religious reasons to recommend it.

#### RIGHT OF VETO.

A vestige of the ancient mode of election is yet preserved in the right of veto enjoyed to-day by France, Spain, and Germany. Although to speak truly, this right is little more than a mere matter of courtesy, yet if it were seen that no particular damage would fall to the Holy See from the rejection of a member against whom objections had been made by any of these powers, his election might probably be abandoned. There is no positive weight, however, attributed to these *veto*s, for the instances are too numerous to detail, in which elections to the papacy have been confirmed notwithstanding the united opposition of the three.

It is related that Austria expressed her displeasure at the election of Pius the Ninth. In order to do what she could to hinder his elevation to the papacy, her *veto* was sent on to conclave, post haste, in care of the Archbishop of Milan. From

some cause or other his Grace was detained on the way, and upon his arrival at Rome, his astonishment can better be imagined than described when he heard the cannons of St. Angelo booming over the election of Cardinal Ferretti. By way of quasi-compliment, the Italians forwarded the said archbishop the first photograph of Pius the Ninth.

#### FISHERMAN'S RING.

The "Fisherman's Ring" is one of the chief *insignia* of papal authority. It is made of the purest gold, to symbolize the virtues of the Spouse of Christ—the Church over which the pontiff rules, and derives its name from the fact that St. Peter fishing from a boat in the Sea of Galilee is impressed upon its seal. The name of the reigning pope is likewise engraved upon it. When the Holy Father dies, this ring is immediately taken from his finger by the Cardinal Chamberlain, and broken in pieces, in order to preclude the danger of any species of forgery during the vacancy of the Holy See. Without the "Seal of the Fisherman's Ring," no document of any importance emanates from the Sacred College; but be it ever so trifling, provided that it bears this seal, it brings the authority of the sovereign pontiff with it wherever it goes. Hence the necessity of the precaution we allude to. The phrase "Under the Fisherman's Ring," so frequently met with in letters coming from the Holy Father, was first introduced by Pope Clement the Fourth, in the year 1265. The custom of wearing the ring itself goes back to the days of St. Peter.

Besides the phrase just alluded to, there are several others peculiar to papal documents in general, which we shall treat of in order.

"SERVUS SERVORUM DEI"—"SERVANT OF THE SERVANTS OF GOD."

Ecclesiastical writers tell us that Pope Gregory the Great, in A.D. 590, in order to put to confusion the

ambitious yearning for high-sounding titles of many ecclesiastics of note in his day, called himself nothing but "Servus Servorum Dei," that is, the "Servant of the Servants of God." In memory of that great pontiff, to whom the See of St. Peter owes so much, the phrase has been continued up to the present time. It is not, however, common to every species of document emanating from the hands of the Holy Father, being restricted chiefly to *bulls*, of which it forms the so-called *superscription*. Thus a *bull* from Pio Nono would begin this way: "Pius, Bishop, Servant of the Servants of God."

Although, as we have said, this phrase was first adopted by St. Gregory the Great, yet he must not be considered as its inventor, for it is a well-known fact that Pope Galasius used it many years before St. Gregory's time. He did not, however, carry it into his apostolic letters, and since Pope St. Gregory was the first to do this, its origin is generally ascribed to him.

"SALUTEM ET APOSTOLICAM BENEDICTIONEM"—"HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION."

This phrase usually heads papal documents which are sent under the name of *bulls*. Its originator was Pope St. Clement the third in succession from St. Peter; but the introduction of it into pontifical letters has been ascribed to Pope John V, in the seventh century.

"MOTU-PROPRIO."

When the Holy Father thinks fit to dispense with the usual formalities attending the Roman court in regard to granting favors or concessions of any kind, and acts solely on his own personal responsibility, the phrase applied to such action is *Motu-proprio*. Its origin began with Pope Innocent III, in the twelfth century, and has continued ever since. A letter written *in motu-proprio*, has neither seal nor insignia

of any kind attached to it, but is simply addressed after the manner of ordinary civil epistles.

We now come to a phrase accustomed to be applied to his Holiness on the day of his coronation, which seems to be as difficult of interpretation as the responses of the Sibyl: "Non videbis annos Petri"—"Thou shalt not see the years of Peter."

It was so rare a thing, in the early days of the Church, to find a pope whose pontificate averaged more than six or seven years, that it became a current proverb, upon the election of a new pope, to say he would never reign as long as St. Peter. The phrase gained such ground coming over the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, owing to the fact that up to those periods only two or three pontiffs reigned as long as twenty years, that it was impossible to make the people believe the phrase were otherwise than prophetic. Hence many supposed, and, doubtlessly, some suppose yet, that the words are really a part of the ritual of papal coronations. They are not; never were. It may interest the reader, however, to know that if we take them *literally*, and give them a value which is in no way inherent in them, they have not up to this been rendered void. No pope as yet has actually reigned over the Church as long as St. Peter. Mind, I do not say *over the Roman Church*, for that would be untrue. Our glorious Pontiff Pio Nono has already passed far beyond St. Peter in that See—I mean over the *primitive* Church of Antioch and Rome together. According to ecclesiastical writers of note, St. Peter ruled over the former seven years, and over the latter, or See of Rome, twenty-five, which make in all thirty-two years, the full term of the years of St. Peter.

#### PAPAL DOCUMENTS.

The documents that come from the hands of the Holy Father, either



in his own personal diction, or, as is frequently the case, made out under his direction by the cardinal secretary, are called *Bulls* and *Briefs*. The word Bull, when used in this way, derives its name from the Latin word *Bulla*, which, in the time of the Roman emperors, meant an ornamental badge of freedom. The *Bulla* was generally orbicular in shape, and when worn by the children of noblemen its material was pure gold, but when worn by the lower classes it was forbidden to be of any other material than leather. The application of the word to papal letters is owing to the fact that letters bearing the name are accustomed to be made out with much formality and beauty of display, having the pontifical insignia impressed upon them, and numbers of seals and strings hanging from their outer wrapper. Bulls are at present accustomed to be written in Latin with the ancient Gallic character, in memory of the pope's temporary residence at Avignon, in France. Their import is usually some matter of high importance, such as the appointment of bishops, creation of new dioceses, the granting of special indulgences to the Church at large, or the promulgation of some dogma of faith. They are accustomed to be headed, as has been said in another place, with the salutation "Health and Apostolic Benediction," and take their names from the first words with which they begin. Thus, the famous Bull issued by Pius the Ninth, in declaration of the IMMACULATE CONCEPTION of the Mother of God, is termed the "Ineffabilis Deus," because it opens with these two words. This custom of naming writings in general from their initial words is of very high antiquity. The Israelites called, and call to-day, the five books of Moses, or, in other words, the *Pentateuch*, respectively, *Berasheet*, *Veelesemoth*, *Vaiicra*, *Vaiedabar*, and *Haddebarim*, because these words are the

words with which each of the five books begins. The ancient Romans, too, and Grecians, adopted a similar method. Thus, with the former, what we now call "Virgil's *Æneid*" used to be known as the "*Arma Virum*," the opening words of the first book; and with the latter, the *Iliad* of Homer was always the "*μῆνιν ἄειδε*" (Menin æide), for with these two words the book begins.

#### BRIEFS.

Briefs are letters addressed by the Holy Father on matters of minor importance. They are so called from the fact that their wording is generally very *brief* and *pithy*, and without any of the formalities that accompany the issue of *Bulls*. They are headed with the name of the pontiff simply, thus, "Pius, PP. IX." The meaning of those two P's after the pontiff's name has given rise to much dispute. As it would not be opportune, however, to give the various interpretations that have been given of them from time to time, we shall content ourselves, and perhaps our readers also, by simply stating the real truth about them. They are nothing else than the so-called *superlative of dignity*, formed from "Pontifex Pontificum," or "Pontiff of Pontiffs," that is, the *chief* or *highest pontiff*, just in the same way that "Canticle of Canticles" is the *highest* or *greatest canticle*, and "King of Kings" the *chief king* or *ruler*. The custom of thus doubling the name to express dignity or pre-eminence is entirely Hebraic.

#### POPE'S DRESS.

The ordinary daily dress of the Holy Father consists of a long white cassock with cape, fastened around the waist by means of a broad cincture. A rochet of the same color as the cassock, a purple mozetta, a stole, elaborately ornamented with gems and precious stones, and displaying the papal *insignia*, a pectoral cross, and a pair of crimson-colored

sandals. Upon the upper of these sandals, near the toe, a beautiful cross is embroidered, which is usually kissed by all on first approaching the Holy Father. From this ceremony we deduce the so-called "kissing the pope's toe." The sovereign pontiff wears, in addition to these, a little white skull-cap, called a *solideo*, from the fact that he never doffs it unless to God alone, that is, when celebrating Mass, or going through the more solemn sacred functions. These constitute the ordinary dress of our Holy Father.

#### TIARA.

The tiara is the pope's crown. It is a large kind of hat, shaped somewhat like a dome, having three golden bands running around it at equal distances, and a cross surmounting its top. It is not until his coronation that his Holiness receives the right of wearing the tiara, and this right only extends to solemn occasions. At other times he wears a mitre, just like an ordinary bishop. Regarding the present appearance of the tiara, a few words must be said. In the early ages it differed little from the ordinary crown of temporal princes. Towards the beginning of the ninth century it assumed a shape somewhat similar to a bishop's mitre, and at the close of the thirteenth, during the pontificate of Boniface VIII, it received its present form. It was not, however, until the time of Pope Urban V, in 1362, that it received the third ring or golden band. According to the best authorities, these three rings, or *triple crown*, as they are wont to be called, symbolize the threefold power inherent in the Supreme Pontiff.

I. The spiritual power over the members of the militant Church.

II. The *temporal* power, or power over all kings and princes.

III. The power that extends to the Church suffering in purgatory.

This threefold signification seems to be implied in the form used in

conferring the tiara. It is imposed on the head of the pontiff with these impressive words: "Accipe tiamam tribus coronis ornatam, et scias Patrem te esse Principium et Regum, Rectorem orbis, in terra Vicarium Salvatoris Nostri Jesu Christi cui est honor et gloria in sæcula sæculorum. Amen."—*Receive the tiara, adorned with three crowns, and know that you are Father of Kings and Princes, Ruler of the World, Vicar on earth of our Saviour Jesus Christ, to whom is honor and glory forever and ever. Amen.*

#### CROZIER OR PASTORAL STAFF.

The crozier or pastoral staff, common to every bishop by reason of his dominion over the faithful of his diocese, is never seen in the hands of the Roman pontiff; the pope uses no crozier. The meaning of this strange discipline is accounted for in the following way by Pope Innocent III, in his Treatise on the Holy Mystery of the Altar. When St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, sent St. Eucharius, the first bishop of Treves, to preach the gospel to the Teutonic race, he presented him with his own pastoral staff, which seemed to be endowed with such extraordinary virtue that, upon its having been brought near the dead body of the successor of Eucharius, Maternus by name, he was instantly restored to life. In memory of this event, the people of Treves have kept the said pastoral staff ever since that time, and for the sake of perpetuating the munificence of the Prince of the Apostles, in giving away his own pastoral staff to accommodate one of his laborers in the spiritual vineyard, the Roman pontiffs use no crozier of any kind whatever, either in public or private.

#### POPE'S MASS.

There is very little difference between a low Mass said by the pope, and that of an ordinary priest. In fact if we except one or two cere-



monies, such as making a genuflection to his Holiness, where only a simple bow is made to a priest, and the fact that he alone uses ornamental candles when celebrating, there is no difference at all. His Holiness performs the sacred function in accordance with the same rules that guide the simplest priest. The Mass Book he uses is the same, the prayers he says are the same, and the movements and motions of his body as he bows or genuflects, strikes his breast or raises his hands to heaven, are precisely what every priest may be observed to do when he stands at the Altar of the Lord. Here then is a striking instance of the love of the Catholic Church for *unity* in practice and doctrine.

#### PONTIFICAL MASS.

The Pontifical Mass of the Holy Father preserves yet many of the ancient customs. The principal one of these is that he receives the precious blood through a golden tube instead of from the chalice as all others do, and communicates at his throne instead of at the altar.

#### FANON.

Over and above the ordinary pontifical vestments the Holy Father has one or two special to himself when celebrating on solemn occasions. These are the fanon and subcincture. The former is an article of the costliest kind, being made of the richest silk, and adorned with a multiplicity of purple stars and crosses. It is at first put over the shoulders after the alb, but is subsequently allowed to hang loosely around the neck after the chasuble has been received.

The subcincture is an appendage hanging down from the pontiff's left side, attached to the ordinary girdle or common cincture and terminating in a tassel. No one can wear it but the pope alone.

#### THE POPE'S DAILY LABORS.

Persons whose privilege it has been

to have received their education at Rome under the shadow of St. Peter's tell us that the eyes of our Holy Father, like those of the Psalmist of old, *prevent the morning watches*. Pio Nono, we are assured, rises at an early hour. He says his morning prayers, and makes his meditation just as every honest Christian ought to do, and then says Mass, and assists at the saying of another by way of thanksgiving. We must not forget to mention that the Holy Father is very faithful to his beads. He would consider the day very ill spent, were he to neglect this mark of devotedness to that Heavenly Queen whom he declared before heaven and earth to have been preserved from the very instant of her conception immaculate and free from every species or shadow of sin.

Before dinner his Holiness reads the "Little Hours" of his breviary, and receives such delegations as he may have time to attend to. The afternoon is generally hard upon him. We are told that he has been known to grant audiences of every kind, and prolong that fatiguing work of *receptions* up to a late hour at night. In fact every paper we take into our hands tells us that this is frequently the case; and what cannot but astonish the best of us, for all these audiences, for each and every one of the countless deputations, presentations, and receptions, that crowd upon him "from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same," Pio Nono has always in readiness some happy remarks, some touching allusions to make that never fail to enter the hearts of his hearers.

May the good angel of God who delivered St. Peter "from all the expectation of the Jews" soon deliver St. Peter's successor from his prison in the Vatican; and may the last hours of Pio Nono be crowned with the happiness of seeing the "Asp and the Basilisk," the "Lion and the Dragon," *crushed*, and humbled at his feet.

## A NEW-YEAR'S WELCOME.

WELCOME is pealing from tower and steeple,  
 Welcome to all, from our friends far and near ;  
 Welcome resounding from kindred and people,  
 Welcome, first day of the gladsome New Year !

Bring to our hearts the lost touch of affection ;  
 Bring to our hands the warm grasp of a friend ;  
 Bring to our souls the long-absent reflection,  
 That life, like the year past, too quickly must end.

Hand joined in hand, let us welcome with gladness  
 The promise of youth, shadowed forth in the day,  
 Which, dawning around us, will banish our sadness,  
 While hope in its presence shall brighten our way.

Let the dead past with sad memories perish ;  
 Welcome the present, for that is our own ;  
 Heart joined with heart, let us thankfully cherish  
 The friendship and love that around us have grown.

Poor little heart, that will sadly remember  
 The bright hour when love with its happiest ray  
 Shone o'er thee, take courage ; in frosty December  
 The sun is most near, though so cheerless the day.

E'en if our hearts have been shaded by sorrow,  
 We know that the hour, the darkest of night,  
 Is that before dawn ; and a glorious morrow  
 Will break o'er our souls with its roseate light.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hark ! jubilee peals for the year ! Has it found us,  
 As slowly it enters in garments of snow,  
 Advancing in life ? do we *still* gather round us  
 The evils we meant to reject long ago ?

The old year has passed us ; and Time's silent writing  
 Will blazon our hearts in bright letters of gold,  
 If faithful we prove, nor despise the inviting  
 Of Him who is "mighty to save" as of old.

Then welcome the chimes as they peal up to heaven,  
 Announcing to men that while sojourning here,  
 As we pass to our Home, 'tis to all of us given  
 ' To render for each one a happy New Year !



## TWO PICTURES, MERELY SUGGESTIVE.

THEY were both set in the lights and shadows of a New Year's Day, and Care and Time have worn from the memory that recalls them now much that was bright and dear, as well as much that was dark and unloved; but they, standing out from the experiences of a life in unchanging relief, defy the touch of either. Nay, they find as fadeless an existence in the young hearts for whose discovery of their suggestion they are here reproduced, by the effort of a hand almost ready to lay down its life-task, in this good year of Our Lord, eighteen hundred and seventy-five.

## THE FIRST.

It was the inside of a gorgeous mansion, where society loved to congregate. For there were velvet floors, and pictured walls, and luxurious seats, and costly mirrors. There wine was served in golden goblets, and the wine had won the red light in its glowing heart by lying hidden from all light of earth in costly vaults, whereof the key was wealth alone. There King Alcohol donned golden robes, and borrowed the aspect of a very angel; and there the spirit that "steals men's brains" pursued his work, applauded by society, and received into its heart's core as a welcome and indispensable guest. There viands were served on chased and jewelled dishes, which were only his slaves to aid him in his work; and there old men with silver hair gave the first unconsidered lesson which brought many a young and shining head to ruin and disgrace. More; there, alas! fair hands, too fair you would think for aught of earthly work but beckoning souls to heaven, presented the gilded winecup to lips that would have taken it from no other; and faces,

that should have been as those of angels in the place, smiled from over its costly edge in bright invitation to the hesitating to "do likewise." So there, quite as effectually as in the real "gin palace," did the spirit find his work, and find servants more accomplished than any this could command to finish most completely his tasks. Yet the place, in which society on that fair New Year's Day loved to congregate, was a home, wherein peace and hope and love nestled, and whereof the master was a man old in years, and, in the sight of his fellow-men, wearing a crown of honor for their record. And the mistress—ah, happy mistress! with the glory of youth about her, and the *eclat* of wealth her own, and the pearl of love laid at her feet by many hearts. Society held in its charmed circle that happy day many fair, and many with gentle, true souls, dwelling beneath the fairness; but the queen of these, to all intents and purposes, was undoubtedly the blooming mistress of this gorgeous mansion. The old men worshipped her, the young men were her slaves, and the ladies made her their criterion in feminine thoughts, words, actions, and garments, unwilling, but, from them, real homage.

"Thank you, Miss Tudor, I take no wine."

"Nonsense, Everson, it is New Year's Day;" this from the white-haired host.

"Command him!" this from one of the group of gentlemen forming an adoring circle around her. "He has outraged hospitality twenty times to-day. We have not once seen him drink the health of host or hostess. Teach him his obligation, as only you can teach."

Then my picture stood out fair and fadeless, as she stepped forward

with the air of a princess, a golden goblet held gracefully aloft, the white hand that held it gleaming with jewels; the beautiful arm half hidden in a mist of lace; the face, a glory of hope and joy; the imperial, dark head poised with a certain majesty all its own, and absolute in its display of conscious power. He to whom she advanced, bowing low as she came, a very type of the magnificence of manhood's physical beauty in rare perfection; figure powerful and faultless in Herculean outline; head simply grand, its noble contour softly shadowed by waves of black hair; face sweet as a child's, yet powerful as might be that of some sculptured god. Thus they stood a moment. Watching them intently, and a little in the background, were two old gentlemen, their reverend heads bent together, leaning forward in eager attitude, the hand of one laid on the arm of the other, commanding temporary silence. To one side stood the knot of fashionable young men just then making the New Year's call. Ah! the angels looking on were, alas! invisible.

"*My* offered cup, Mr. Everson, you cannot refuse."

As he raised his eyes, there was adoration in them; as he took it from her hand, and lightly touched it to his lips, there was completeness of bondage to her will in his gaze.

"But you do not drink," and the imperial head made a gesture of authority; "will you not drink *my* health?"

The cup was raised in the air.

"To Corinne," he said, in a voice of love, so low as to be heard but by herself, and he took the draught. She—she turned away with blushing, happy face, that could no longer bear the light, and swept, like a queen, from the group to where some shadows of tall calla lilies softly fell upon a "velvet violet" divan. Here she seated herself, and the admiring group followed her, one by one.

"Tudor," said one of the old men

softly to the other, "that's going to be a match, depend upon it. Our little Corie has met her fate."

"Well, John," was the reply, given tremulously, "he's worthy of her. The most rising of our young men, splendid brain, wonderful business capacity, good moral character. Why, he's considered the best match in town."

"And it's been going on some time, too, old friend. I've seen it, worn out as are these eyes. And when my little pet leaves us, this doting godfather of hers will give her something handsome."

"Tut, John, she shan't leave us at all, but we'll take them in here, and keep on giving them something handsome all our lives."

"Never was a wedding so full of hope as our little girl's will be. It looks, though *I'm* not given to forgetting the ups and downs of married life, as if no sorrow could ever touch her."

"Don't know, John, but there's enough to keep poverty from her all *her* life, anyway, and that's a great matter. Yes, yes, *he's* welcome to her; all he's got to do is ask."

Which he did, to much purpose, and society admitted that a wedding so full of happy promise had never taken place within its pale; that a bride so fair, or a bridegroom so noble, was hard to find; that love hovered over the altar, and peace awaited their coming to the threshold. It also took an inventory to the effect that the "presents" were unequalled, and the "trousseau" fit for a princess; that the costumes were all from Paris, and the "floral decorations" unparalleled; that the bride's diamonds were a fortune, and her laces a mine; all of which it published in the leading journals of the day, so that in time it reached the four quarters of the globe. And every reporter said, in every periodical, that the "sun never shone on a fairer bride," and immediately after, that her path through life must nec-



essarily be "unclouded." And the millions of readers added "of course."

### THE SECOND.

A BRIGHT New Year's Day, one that looked, in sky and air, as if no shadow could rest upon the world. And the picture grew out of the first, now twenty years old in memory's faithful record; now twenty years lost to time's unsparing register.

It grew out of the first; can you imagine where? In the old-time gorgeous mansion, where society had so loved to congregate for sake of velvet floors, and polished mirrors, and pictured walls; for sake of luxurious seats, and luscious viands, and rare red wine? Or, perhaps, in a newer and more gorgeous mansion, where had flown, in time, the noble bridegroom and the peerless bride? And no matter which, light, and joy, and bloom, and golden heads of rosy children, and fair pencillings of home garnished with wealth's blessings, make up the picture you saw. So was it promised by the first. Look; is this the fulfilment?

It is a dark and lonely tenement, wherein society enters not, except in morbid exercise of imagination, created by sensation reading and false poetry. There has the spirit that "steals men's brains" completed the work, so favorably commenced under the all-powerful auspices of society. There bare, stained walls, and broken, falling roofs, and filthy, cheerless rooms, attest the true consequences of the spirit's presence. There no fireside sends out the much-loved glow, the fairest "light of home;" there no generous meal smiles from the toil-earned board; there no prattle of happy child greets the dank shadowed air; there the footsteps at close of day is dreaded, not welcomed.

See! it is a bare and murky room, with broken floor, and windows so patched with rags and paper, that but a mockery of light falls on the wretched scene to show its tragic

outline. In one corner a bundle of rags and straw. This, sole attempt at furniture. On it, the figure stiffly outlined by its own emaciation, an infant lying, the face turned up to view, with a stark expression of pain fixed there by death; no peace, no loveliness, though, from the poor, tiny, wornout tenement, an angel spirit had taken its flight. Near, a woman, dishevelled and pale, not weeping, but listening—listening with agony of eagerness and fear; the shrivelled hand upraised; the bony arm seen through rags; the gaunt form leaning forward in attitude of wretched expectation; the head drooping, and touched with many a silver line.

Sounding through the miserable place, with a hollow sound, comes a footstep nearer and nearer; after it a little, little one. The door opens, and there enters a man, a man with no light of reason in lurid, glazed eye, nor no sign of feeling on bloated, hideous face; a man with head unsteadily swaying from side to side; a man with figure disgusting in outline, and repulsive in movement. Following this, with tears and cries of woe, a little ragged form, a girl's, and all the beauty of the weeping countenance a wan resemblance, in miniature, of that Corinne Tudor, the sunny bride of twenty years ago.

Now the other woful, fadeless picture comes out in its sharp relief. The woman, the gaunt and fear-stricken and wornout woman, advances one step towards him, points with the poor, thin hand to the dead baby, mortal fear in her eyes, inexpressible tragedy in her face; the little girl clasps his knees in agony of entreaty; he, he advances, brutality in his face, murder in his eye, his shaking, swollen hand clenched for a blow. Ah! the picture is dispelled; the blow falls; the woman sinks upon the bed of her dead baby, the sole sound of earth penetrating her dying ears the two awful words, "YOUR WORK! *Curse you forever!*"

"My father did it," said Corinne Tudor's child, found alone with the dead; "but he didn't mean to. He wanted drink, because it was New Year's Day, and he had no money, and he took me out to beg, and no one gave me any, so he was mad when we came home, and the first thing mother done was to show the baby dead, for he loved the baby, and it used to sleep with its hand on his cheek and say 'Papa.' Oh, mother! Oh, baby!"

These last words were wails, and the desolate creature fell in a faint across the two dead bodies, from which she was taken to the poor-house, where she learned just enough of evil to be placed in the house of refuge (God save the mark, O wise legislators of our noble republic!) from whence she emerged ripe for all the wickedness of most wicked women, and notoriously distinguished herself in their notorious ranks. The papers, the same that had prophesied entire absence of shadow from the future of the bride and bridegroom of twenty years ago, now took up this second picture as a sensation and a thing to "sell," and between "illustrations" and well-invented "interviews" made a "pretty penny" out of it, especially after the wretched husband was arrested, and paying the penalty of the law for his crime, the poor little outcast left alone, became "nobody's child." In some of these journals the history, prolific of sensation, was sketched in a masterly manner; in others, in a gloating manner; in others, in a canting man-

ner. In all, however, one mutual and remarkable course was preserved, viz., the unanimous and decided suppression of that beautiful first picture from which the tragic second found life. For was not society to read the story, and who would attack society's most licensed hobby?

So society, reading that James Tudor's son-in-law, "the most promising of our young men," had dissipated his wealth, had ruined his own career, had earned for himself a felon's grave, had sent its whilom queen to a pauper's, sat smiling over these pleasant periodicals, and wondered "how all this had been brought about."

Oh! glowing young hearts, for whom this good year of Our Lord, eighteen hundred and seventy five, brings tender promises of a golden future, let that which society could not understand be clear to your unshadowed view. Let the pictures both be of reality, the words written be of truth, not fiction. Let gentle hands for those who give them power, most mighty of all earthly powers that of love, dash down the winecup from its radiant height, that, on the groundwork of their untried manhood, it may be shivered to irreparable atoms, and its contents forever spilled. This is their province; this their work; angelic in its quality; immortal in its results. God grant each heart, to which the present New Year brings the sweetest crown of earthly joy, may thus use its tender power.

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## CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE first Christian schools in the Middle Ages were attached to the churches and the abbeys, where also were the hospitals. Thus science and mercy met together. "Religion there extended one hand to the children, offering them the treasures of wisdom, and reached forth the other to the sick, ministering to their wants, and providing medicine and nursing for their diseases."

To show the interest of the Church in the work of education, we will recount some facts, bearing more particularly upon *parochial* schools, and schools designed especially for the education of the *poor*.

In 529 the Council of Vaison strongly recommended the establishment of *parochial* schools everywhere, particularly in the rural districts. The Council of Mayence in 813 ordered the clergy to "admonish parents under their charge to send their children either to schools established in the monasteries, or to those *in the houses of the parochial clergy*." The Synod of Orleans, in 800, enjoined "the *parochial clergy* to erect schools in towns and villages, in order to teach *little children* the elements of learning." "Let them," it continues, "receive and teach these little children with the utmost charity, that they themselves may shine as the stars forever. Let them receive *no remuneration* from their schools, unless what the parents, through charity, may voluntarily offer."

In 823 it was ordained that eight public schools should be established in as many of the principal cities of Italy, "in order that opportunity may be given to all, and that there be no excuse drawn from poverty and from the difficulty of repairing to remote places."

Kings and nobles were also called

upon to help the Church in her educational work. Thus the influence of Charlemagne and of Alfred the Great was actively enlisted, and with their assistance and favor learned priests gave a powerful impulse to education, both in France and in England.

In 829, the sixth Council of Paris petitioned the Emperor Louis to "found schools in proper places in his empire, that the labor of his father may not come to be in vain, that the Holy Church may gain honor, and the Emperor an eternal memory." In 859 another council invokes "pious princes and all bishops to provide for the support of schools of the Holy Scriptures, and also of human literature, that on all sides, public schools may be constituted for both kinds of erudition, both divine and human."

A council at Rome, in 825, under Eugene II, ordained, that there should be three kinds of schools established throughout all Christendom, viz.: *Episcopal*, in connection with the Bishop's church or mansion; *Parochial*, in the towns and villages, and still others of an undefined character, wherever place or opportunity could be found for their establishment, and with such studies and arrangements as circumstances required.

The third Council of Lateran, held under Alexander III, A.D. 1179, says: "*Since the Church of God, as a pious mother, is bound to provide that opportunity for learning should not be withdrawn from the POOR, who are without help from patrimonial riches, be it ordained, that in every cathedral there shall be a master to teach both clerks and poor scholars gratis.*" This decree was enlarged in the council in 1215, under Innocent III, which provided that in

other churches besides cathedrals there should be a "*master* to TEACH GRATIS."

Would that the wealthy of our laity would lay to heart the lessons which these instances, but a few out of many, teach, of the manner in which the Church of the Middle Ages sought to fulfil her duty to carry forward the work of education particularly in behalf of the poor, and of candidates for the holy office of the priesthood.

These schools were by no means superficial. Here is a course of study, drawn up in those times: "Children of both sexes from five to twelve years of age: *Reading* (in the Psalter), *Singing*, *Grammar*, *Moral Distichs* (of Cato), and a little later *Latin*, *which they will learn to speak*. Young girls shall study *Natural History*, *Surgery*, and *Medicine* (the constant warfare of the age then threw upon females, far more than men, the care of the wounded and the nursing of the sick), *Logic*, *Latin*, and *the Oriental Languages*."

Another writer, speaking of the schools attached to the monasteries and churches, says: "Some of these were for primary, and others for higher instruction. In the former the boys were taught the *Pater Noster*, the *Credo*, the *Psalms*, *Plain Chanting*, *Arithmetic*, and *Grammar*, including *Latin*; in the latter the more elevated branches of learning, including *Music*, *Mathematics*, *Poetry*, and the *Greek*, *Hebrew*, and *Arabic languages*."

The course of study in the schools generally, embraced what were called the seven liberal arts, divided into two groups, styled the "*trivium*" and the "*quadrivium*."

The first embraced *Grammar* in its widest sense, comprehending the whole science of language. *Logic*, also in its broad sense (comprehending the science of dialectics), and *Rhetoric*, comprehending all that belongs to the enunciation as well as the composition of discourses.

The latter (the *quadrivium*) em-

braced *Music*, *Arithmetic* (in its large sense, *i. e.*, the science of computation), *Geometry*, and *Astronomy*. *St. Augustine* is believed by some to have made this division. It is certain that it existed early in the sixth century.

The formal institution of universities dates from the twelfth to the thirteenth centuries; but many very celebrated schools existed through the means already mentioned, in every country in Europe, at a much earlier period. In proof of this we may refer, amongst many others, to the monastery of *Monte Cassino*, and its schools, established in the sixth century, which soon attained to great eminence on account of the variety of subjects studied, and the thoroughness with which they were taught.

Ireland was converted to Christianity at the commencement of the Middle Ages, and was not convulsed, as other countries were, by barbarous invasions. She devoted the repose providentially granted her to the cultivation of religion and literature, and to the founding of Christian schools. A light was there kindled whose rays illuminated all Europe from the fifth to the eighth century.

During that period of time she may be said to have "carried on a crusade of learning." Scholars came to her schools from all countries, and she sent her emissaries, bearers both of religion and of knowledge, into all countries of Europe.

"The monastery of *Bangor* contained no less than three thousand monks, together with scholars innumerable." At *Armagh* there were upwards of seven thousand students. Many other renowned schools and colleges existed in Ireland, in the abbey of *South*, *St. Ibar*, in the island of *Beg Eri*, in *Mecross Abbey*, on the shores of the beautiful *Lake Killarney*, in the abbey on the coast of *Wexford* as early as the fifth cen-



tury, in the abbey of Clonord, in Eastmeath, and of Rathene, Lisimore, Ross, of St. Mary of Clonfert, of St. Ninnidius, and in the abbey of the Isle of Dam-Inis off the coast of Galway.

The "venerable Bede," in the year 664, says that "many of the noble and middle classes of England left their country and passed into Ireland for the sake of divine reading, or of a more continent life, and, some within the monasteries, others going about from cell to cell, delighted in receiving instruction from masters, *all of whom the Irish liberally received, giving them daily food without price, as also books and instructors gratuitously.*"

Irishmen established the monastery and school of Lindisfarne, in England; of Boffio, in Italy; of Verdun, in France; of Wurtzburg, Ratisbon, Erfurth, Cologne, and Vienna, in Germany; of St. Gall, in Switzerland; to say nothing of their literary labors in Paris and other places.

In France it is estimated that there were, during one period of the Middle Ages, as many as *two hundred superior schools* specially for the *poor*. The number of schools of a lower grade, in which the poor received gratuitous instruction, is beyond computation.

Let us enumerate some of the more eminent schools in the different European countries during the Middle Ages.

In France, at Paris, Rheims, Fleury, St. Benoit, Lige, Anson, Poitiers, Ferriere, Luxeville, Lyons, Corbie, Le Bec, Clairvaux, Cluny, Le Mans, Bourges, Clermont, Vienne (not Vienna in Austria), Chalons-sur-Saone, Arles, Gap, Fontanelle or St. Vaudrille, Sithin, St. Medard, Lerens, etc.

For Italy there were schools in Rome, at Monte Cassino, "the ecclesiastical schools of Modena," the Episcopal schools of Milan, the school of jurisprudence at Lucca, of

rhetoric at Ravenna, of literature at Verona, of the seven arts at Parma, of grammar at Pavia, also at Cremona, Florence, Bologna, Verona, Vicenza, and other places which we cannot now enumerate.

In Switzerland, at St. Gall and Reichenau.

England and Spain were also dotted with many celebrated schools; nor was Germany by any means destitute. In the Abbey of Jumieges, where Edward the Confessor was educated, "*there were many schools in which rich and poor were alike received, and the poor could send their children, because they were nourished at the expense of the monastery.*"

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the orders of the Dominicans and Franciscans covered all Europe with schools, principally for the purpose of *gratuitously* educating the *poor*.

The care expended on all the pupils is described by Uldracus in his "Customs of Cluny," where he declares that it would be "difficult for the son of a king to be nourished with greater diligence in a palace than was the least boy of the lowest rank in Cluny." Many sons of kings were educated along with the children of the poor, and without distinction from them, in the Benedictine monasteries. Lothaire, son of Charles the Bald, was educated in the Abbey of Saint Germain L'Auxerrois; Theodoric III, at Kala; Pepin, father of Charlemagne, and Robert II, and Louis VI, of France, were educated in the Abbey of St. Dennis.

The greatest care was exercised in selecting competent teachers. "The scholastic was the head of the school, and was required to excel, not only in the science of the sacred Scriptures, but also in secular learning, in grammar (the languages), mathematics, astronomy, music, rhetoric, and in poetry." "Whenever an abbot found no monk in his abbey competent to discharge this office, it was

no subject of shame to apply to some other monastery for a monk to fill it." Even bishops did not disdain to study in the schools of learned abbots.

The eminently learned Alcuin, amid all his other labors, gave public lessons to the schools of the monastery of St. Martin, at Tours. He writes to Charlemagne: "I, your Flaccus, apply myself to minister to some, under the roof of St. Martin, the honey of the Holy Scriptures. Others I endeavor to inebriate with the old wine of ancient learning; others I begin to nourish with the apples of grammatic subtlety. Some I try to illuminate in the science of the stars, as if of the painted canopy of a great house. I am made many things to many persons, that I may edify as many as possible to the advantage of the holy Church of God, and to the honor of your imperial kingdom."

Most of the monasteries were originally established in retired places. The towns and cities which now exist near their sites sprang up subsequently. The schools connected with the monasteries were regarded as possessing special advantages, on account of their securing to the youth freedom from distracting influences. Thus, Bonald says: "Colleges ought to be placed in the country. Salubrity of air, innocence of manners, and habits of country life, are advantages for which no city can offer compensation." Lord Bacon remarks: "What is termed a character may indeed be formed in the boisterous stream of the world, but a genius is fostered amid the stillness and peace which enable the soul to hear the sweet voice of nature."

The following beautiful picture is drawn by an ancient writer of the life of those who, in those ages, were being educated in the Church schools:

"Far from the tumult of cities, the young Levites who are destined to bear the holy ark of the new alli-

ance, and those also who are to serve God in secular occupations, are assembled to enjoy the sweets of solitude, and to animate each other with the love of study and of wisdom. Here they apply themselves to a course of profound learning, which often occupies them throughout life. Their religious exercises commence and close each day. The solemn wind of night still sighs in the towers, but the bell has sounded, and every one rises from sleep. The dawn has not yet streaked the sky, but the long corridors give echoes to the passing steps of the students. In the chapel is already that throng of devout youths and venerable masters, whom Christ in his own garden chooses to be his helpmates, some of whose devoted lives, perchance, shall be hereafter sung deservedly on heights empyreal.

"In their cells and common halls simplicity is everywhere seen, and the humblest offices are imposed upon all in succession, to temper the grandeur of their vocation or the dignity of their state. On the evening of two days every week they walk abroad, either through some magnificent park, under the shade of a darksome wood, or to the summit of some rocks, or in a delicious valley watered by a stream, which winds among its flowery meadows. These are their pure enjoyments. Far from spending their days in sensuality, under the shade of the altar a frugal and even austere nourishment prepares their bodies for a mild and spiritualized, for a long and healthful life. Their minds are tuned to every gracious harmony, are imbued with every grand and solemn truth. Music is the language of their thoughts, while sacramental love and saintly science form them to wisdom. From time immemorial in these schools, all over the world, it was the custom to open the classes with a hymn to the Holy Ghost, '*Veni Creator Spiritus, mentes tuorum visita,*' that is, they implored



the Divine Grace to visit their minds, in order that, whilst they partake of the salutary fruit of the tree of knowledge, they may be strengthened against the enemy of mankind, who might tempt them to pluck the poisonous fruit, which that tree also bears.

"They sought not glory in their devoted labors. Religion taught them that failure and disappointment might be more conducive to their future happiness than the most brilliant success. She always said, 'Give me but your will, and I engage to make you wise and happy. I ask not genius, I ask not strength, health, success, crowns, applause—I ask but your heart.' True, the discipline of these religious schools was strict and watchful, but *how small a part of education is the attainment of knowledge*, in which sophists now say it all consists! The human character is beheld in the greatest deformity in a man *without* EDUCATION, and yet *possessed of immense general knowledge*—who knows *much*, but everything *knows ill*."

What a picture is there not here of the earnestness and thoroughness of those mediæval schools, as well as of the deeply religious spirit which pervaded them, and also of the justness of their views as to what the process of education really comprehends!

It would be interesting, in this connection, to speak of the establishment of universities towards the close of the Middle Ages. They all owed their foundation and maintenance to the influence of the Church, and in almost every instance to the direct influence and exertions of pious monks, priests, or prelates. But this lies outside of the scope of our present article. Suffice it to say that, through the efforts of the mediæval Church, during what infidels commonly style the "dark ages," to provide educational facilities, no less than sixty-four universities (with more students than attend all the universities of modern times), were

established in Europe prior to the year 1500. Of these France had fifteen; Spain and Portugal nine; Germany, including Netherlands and part of Austria, fifteen; Italy had nineteen; England two; Hungary, Poland, Denmark, and Sweden had each one.

These facts acquire additional significance when we consider the character of the material which the Church had to deal with, in her educational work, and the immense disadvantages under which that work was carried forward. It was when successive barbarian invasions destroyed all the results of previous civilization, and filled all Europe with ignorance and paganism of the rudest and fiercest type; when Spain, a country filled with populous cities, the seat of refinement and culture, became almost a desert; when France was a savage country, covered with woods, infested with wild beasts, and banditti and robbers not less fierce; when Germany was a vast and gloomy forest; when England was ravaged for centuries by successive invasions, and desolated by the struggles of peoples of different blood and social rank; when, after these causes of disorder ceased to be active, the jealousies of rival kings and nobles, the struggles for power between monarchs and their rebellious and haughty feudal retainers, the insurrections of people of lower rank, and the violent efforts of every class, amid the confusion of the times, to obtain rights, which all the others resisted, added intensity to the social turmoil—during this season of universal disturbance the Church was most earnestly active in the work of education, and her clergy were the educated men of the times; so much was this the case, that "the clergie" was a term synonymous with "the learned."

Nor did the Church, as we have already shown, allow the fact that the masses, whom she sought to convert, were the ignorant, to constitute a reason in her mind for

being satisfied with an ignorant priesthood. On the contrary, we find her rebuking them for intellectual inactivity whenever occasion required it, urging them to the cultivation of science and knowledge under every form, and establishing

schools specially for the thorough education of candidates for the holy office of the priesthood, and for the *poor*. The Catholic Church is the *mother of common schools*, but of common schools imparting a Christian, not an irreligious, education.

## SUNBEAMS FROM CUCUMBERS.

IT is related of a certain rather pedantic professor of English literature and elocution, in a very celebrated university not a hundred miles from the good city of Philadelphia, that wishing to display his own smartness, and at the same time test the imaginative capacities of his pupils, he came suddenly into the room where the graduating class for the year was assembled, anxiously waiting for the subject of the annual thesis for the final examination at the close of its collegiate career, and exclaimed very abruptly: "Gentlemen, you will take as the subject of your prize composition, '*Sunbeams from Cucumbers*.' Get to work!" Then, turning on his heel, left the room, leaving no chance for an appeal from the astonished class, nor even permitting an interrogatory as to what in the order of common sense he meant. Unable to catch any idea of *his* ideas on so abstract a subject, the pupils, after solemn deliberation, voted the professor "crazy," and refused in a body to write an essay on so apparently nonsensical a theme. We do not desire, like our friend the professor, to display any unusual brightness; neither do we claim the possession of a mental divining-rod, whereby to test the interpretation of his thoughts, but it does strike us that, knowing the class in question to have by no means been composed of "dummies," yet it was singular that they could not ap-

ply to the given theme some original sense, whether or not it coincided with their professor's views; which condition is not recorded as having been a *sine qua non* to his command.

We propose, therefore, in this brief paper, to give a version of our own to so wide a theme of thought. Of our success our readers must be the judges, though we candidly inform them beforehand, that as we are not standing for a compulsory examination, pregnant with important results of a personal nature, we make the attempt with but little fear or trembling.

We have of late acquired the habit of noting down many little trifling events or matters of personal observation, as likely to point a moral or adorn a tale, when we are called upon to confer with our indulgent friends of the RECORD. Thus we find ourselves possessed of a list of subjects for essays, which a year's writing would hardly serve to complete, for in this fast age so many wonderful things happen that are pregnant with amusement or instruction, especially to Catholics, that it is almost an impossibility to notice them all; and this is particularly the case with regard to the rise and progress of social or political heresies, to which as Catholics we are obliged to give attention, in order to draw from them knowledge for our guidance and defence.

We shall, therefore, under the



figure we have adopted, collect a number of these, and treat them *in condenso*.

Now we know that everything reflects the sunbeam; we have even seen it thrown from the silver decorations of a coffin, a veritable issuing of light from darkness, and Mrs. Hemans, in her effort to prove that a sunbeam is "no lingerer in monarch's halls," shows its humility and ubiquitousness, by informing us that

"The quivering leaves that have caught its glow,  
Like fireflies' glance to the pools below."

Now if leaves reflect a sunbeam, of course the sunbeam is not particular from what kind of leaves it is reflected, *ergo* cucumbers, leaf, stem, and fruit, will serve our purpose as well as any others. Let us therefore get at a little philosophical algebra. Let the sunbeams represent rays of truth from the central sun of correct thinking. The cucumbers, by their notoriously indigestible and cholera-breeding qualities, together with their natural insipidity, serve very aptly as figures of the insipid, indigestible, and pestilence-breeding theories, social and political, which grow like fungi and weeds in the garden of modern philosophy, wherein under the very beams of the sun of justice the rank vegetation is planted and permitted to ripen, then plucked, and eagerly eaten, to the destruction of men's souls.

There are sermons in stones, songs in brooks. Why not rays of instruction in cucumber vines? Let us then briefly gather the reflected beams into a focus, and throwing them into the pools of social stagnation, read the mysteries of their muddy depths.

Cucumber No. 1 is just now in an overripe condition; it is the doctrine that PAPAL INFALLIBILITY INVOLVES CIVIL DISLOYALTY. We discussed this subject rather fully in the last number of the RECORD, but there were several little odds and ends of thought, which we were obliged, from obvious reasons, to then overlook, but to

which we will now give brief attention, and which refer particularly to the lucubrations of that lovely quintette, Messrs. Acton, Camoys, Petre, Gladstone, and Dollinger. We had proposed thumbing *Burke's Peerage*, to discover the windings of the stream of "blue blood" running through the genealogical course of the respective families of the first three. We were confident that we could light upon several events in their histories which might explain the presence of the bar sinister of *liberalism*, which they have just affixed to their respective shields, by letters-patent from the ex-prime minister, Gladstone, but other and abler hands have saved us that trouble, and cleared up all mystery enveloping their remarkable profession of "*Old Catholicism*." Then we vainly ransacked our brains and books to discover the prototypes of these "liberal" individuals. The plotters who dance "the can-can," in *La Grande Duchesse*, or sing "the conspirator's chorus" in *Madame Angot*, are entirely too light-footed to serve as representatives of the massive and elephantine tread of these propagators of falsehood. Then again our thoughts recurred to an ancient "lamentable comedy," got up by certain "hempen homespuns," for the diversion of certain frivolous royal courts and households, which were disturbed as some modern state courts are at present, by domestic infelicities; but Snout the tinker, Flute the bellows-mender, Quince the carpenter, Snug the joiner, and Starveling the tailor, were too simple-minded and sincere to represent these modern entertainers of courts, disturbed by dissensions between church and state; besides, they really desired to bring about a reconciliation between Oberon and Titania and the good Athenians, whose jealous quarrels marred the wooing of Theseus and Hippolyta, while the object of our English friends is to make the breach between church and state the wider. Mr. Gladstone,

however, in his present remarkable display of *headiness*, does answer very strongly to Nick Bottom the weaver, transfigured by some mischievous fairies, represented by his own ethereal conceits into a semi-man and semi-John Donkey, and exclaiming, in his cerebral irritation, caused by a congestive collection of visions of Spanish Armadas and Gunpowder plots, "*Scratch my head, Peas-Blossom.*" Perhaps the little boys singing under his window in the murky morning air,

Oh, don't you remember  
The Fifth of November,

aroused him to unpleasant reminiscences, and for fear he should be "blown up," he issues forthwith his long-slumbering article on the Vatican Decrees, the inspiration of which he derived from the great historian Dollinger, while he and party were on a visit to that great theological light during a recent tour of Germany. Travelling is always supposed to improve people's minds, but such rare examples of historical lore as these four gentlemen derived from the great historical luminary of Munich surpasses all precedent, in fact we know of nothing to which in the way of the marvellous it can be compared, except the very thin plotting and counterplotting of these same gentlemen in their efforts to dispense the information obtained. Oh, most vain and impotent conspiracy, how dost thou recoil on thy fomenters' heads? Wonderful Dr. Dollinger, prince of historians, is this the history thou hast learned and taught, history as taught by my Lords Acton and Camoys, and Mr. Henry Petre? Wonderful Dr. Dollinger, again say we, is this the philosophy taught by the exemplar history which thou dost promulgate through *thy* inspiration in the *Vatican Decrees*? Wonderful Mr. Gladstone, prince of statesmen, "that admirable stability of the British throne" of which we have heard so much, has been wofully endangered

by the overreaching *liberalism* of thy genial policy, for thou hast been four years discovering what thou oughtest to have known long since, if there was any truth in the assertion that all the Catholics of England were, by the fact of the Vatican Decrees, made traitors by papal letters-patent against the English crown, yet it was not until thou didst go visiting to an old bookwormish, Latin-mumbling, and, *until very lately*, retrogressive and unenlightened popish priest, that thou didst discover this fearful fact. Lucky for thee, Mr. Gladstone, that thou dost live under the gentle sway of the amiable Victoria, for if instead thou hadst gone shambling and sneaking and crawling with this shameful confession of thy own supineness and ignorance to the footstool of fiery old Queen Bess, we can easily conceive her, as Ristori so gloriously represents her in the scene with the perfidious and double-dealing Essex, starting from her throne with the electric instantaneousness of a wire-worked puppet, and shrieking out, "Wretch! miscreant! fiend! dost thou come at this late hour and tell me that my throne has been resting for four whole years over a box of gunpowder, with tow and torch ready set at any moment to ignite it? What ho there without, guards! to the Tower! to the Tower with him, and let me see his ghastly and dissevered head grinning to-morrow morning from the highest post of London Bridge. Away with the drivelling fool. Begone!"

Lucky Mr. Gladstone! Poor Mr. Gladstone!

Intelligent Lord Acton, how wonderful thy knowledge of history, how admirable thy conception of character, how gushing thy pure spirit of catholicity, to malign the saintly Pius V, the Pontiff of the Holy Rosary, the prayer-conquering victor of Lepanto, the saviour of all Christendom, including England, from the Saracen marauder, a canon-



ized saint of thy own church, to convert him whom even Protestant historians have universally acknowledged as a saint and a sage, into a secret assassin of sovereign princes and a patronizer of murderers. We would not dishonor our pen with the refutation of this or any of thy similar calumnies, calumnies so unworthy of notice, but fling back the charge, and leave to thee the *onus probandi*. But we want the proof served up according to the settled and approved rules of evidence, not according to thine own fashion of thinking and doing.

And, admirable Crichton of the house of Acton, hast just discovered that pontiffs in the old times released Catholics from the allegiance they owed to heretical princes? Why of course they did, by the power which the princes themselves in those days acknowledged to belong to the Roman pontiffs of so doing. For in those days the devotion of the faithful and their good sense, too, taught them that the state, settling as it did most questions of public interest, either by the sword of war, or the grip of the civil tyrant, or the stylus of the diplomat, was rather a double-dealing master; and so interest and devotion alike induced both peoples and kings to make the popes the *arbiters gentium*. Or, to quote the words of a distinguished Protestant lawyer and lecturer, "The power of the pope and of the councils over sovereigns during the Middle Ages was founded upon the common and constitutional law of those times, and was generally acknowledged at that time by all Christian sovereigns."

But this power thus acknowledged was, by the malice of men, denied and withheld. Yet no one can blame the popes if they exercised not only this power but the right of retaining it as long as possible.

Most excellent and honorable Messrs. Canoy and Petre, to you we tender our sincere thanks for

your strenuous and fatiguing efforts to save the Catholic Church from herself. The spouse of Christ, who has withstood all sorts of shocks for eighteen centuries, must succumb at last under the burden of gratitude which your kindness has imposed upon her. Well may she exclaim as she sinks, "Save me from my friends," "*Miseremini me saltem vos amici mei!*" How pretentious in her and how stupid to have ever dreamed of claiming supremacy over that omnipotent and glorious creation, THE STATE, that most beautiful of all the works of human progress, whose bones, marrow, blood, veins, flesh, skin, and sinews, if dissected, would be found a delectable combination of the tyrant, a treasury-thief, a backpay grabber, a public-school director, a politician, a carpet-bagger, a freemason, and other similar integers of loveliness, and then to think of the Church thrusting her intrusive *principles*, her presumptuous moral laws, and impertinent conscience right under the nose of this majestic idol of the gentiles. Happy Church, to have been so decisively brought to a sense of thy duty, and been so forcibly taught to keep thyself in thy place. Glorious Dr. Dollinger, through whose ponderous influence this happy consummation has been wrought; in the great Walhalla of the laurel-crowned literati thy majestic spirit will reign supreme! For if the treasures of thy historical and theological lore cannot boast of their quality, their preponderating influence has at least thoroughly developed itself by its *originality* and quantity. Prince of old Catholic theologians and new school historians, *vale et valet!*

Cucumber No. 1, kind readers, has been served up, and the sunbeam of light which it has reflected is this lesson, *the duplicity of bad Catholics*.

Not only, however, do cucumbers, by the qualities to which we have already referred, serve to represent the false doctrines of the day, but they

likewise, by their proverbial "coolness," aptly figure forth the impudence of the propagators of popular modern fallacies. Why a cucumber should be considered particularly "cool" is a question we have never closely investigated, but certainly it passes for such; and the delicious coolness of the five gentlemen whom we have been considering is only excelled by cucumbers Nos. 2 and 3 in the order of things, and No. 6 in the order of persons, namely, the latest additions to Harper's picture gallery and the artist who painted them.

Mr. Albert De Luce is a graduate from the *Nast* school of art, and though he does not develop as yet all the original genius of the founder of that school, still he displays some talent as an artist. If a cucumber could by any process be converted into a water-lily, we would feel inclined to ask if he were any relation to Longfellow's "Flower de Luce," which was "born to joy and pleasure," for the supposition is fully justified by the giddy-headed piece of artistic pleasantry with which he endeavors to hoodwink the public into the notion that all good little boys and girls attend the public schools, and by that means become honest, industrious, hard-working men and women, fit to adorn every order of mechanical, professional, and social life, while, *per contra*, all the children who do not attend public schools are vagrants and vagabonds, which piece of cool cucumberism is illustrated by two *lucid* full-page companion pictures in *Harper's Weekly* bulletin of the fine arts. Of course, the animus of these crayon gems is easily detected, by the fact that all the bad little children are represented as displaying a strongly Hibernian cast of countenance; so, to reduce the sense of these pictures to its literal meaning, we have the inference, that we have so often heard expressed in plain language, that all the notoriously public criminals are, judging from their names as printed

in the daily records of crime and from their actual identity, the offspring of Irish Catholics, and have been reared without education, or, if educated at all, have been educated under priestly influences in Popish parish schools. Good for you, Mr. De Luce; you are indeed *loose*, both as a logician and an artist. But let us trim our lamps and light them, *de luce cucumbris*, and search, with their reflecting aid, "the pools below" of social mire. It will not take us long to get to the bottom, and, for this purpose, we will admit that Mr. De Luce's insinuations are completely true. Do not get nervous, dear readers; we repeat, that we will admit them for the sake of argument, and whether they be true or not, our admission, though it will not *per se* make them true, will nevertheless help us to our conclusion.

In the first place, the slur cast on Catholic schools is a sieve that will not hold water for five seconds, therefore we pass it by. Secondly, the charge that a majority of our Catholic children do not attend any school, must be dismissed with like promptitude, for not only are our well-appointed parish schools filled with them, but even our public schools, by the deceptive influences with which they blind ignorant Catholic parents, manage to get entirely too large a share of them, and we are not quite certain that a majority of the public criminals with Irish names do not spring from the latter class, for these criminals, though manifestly born in the faith, carry no perceptible evidences of it about them, consequently they, presumably, have been despoiled of it, and we know of no better instrument to effect such an end than a public school. But suppose these were educated in Catholic schools; suppose they are all that their enemies declare them to be; do we not know that most of these children are reared in poverty, that their parents, like all of the



lower classes, have as much as they can do to make ends meet, and consequently have not the time to look after the moral training of their offspring with the constant attention which all children, even when surrounded by less depraving influences, require? Is not this some slight excuse, and does it not fix the blame on the accident of birth rather than on the religious professions of their parents? Do we not know, secondly, that the Catholic Church, notwithstanding the marvellous care she exercises over these very children, might do twice as much for their spiritual and temporal welfare if, in addition to the means she has, she possessed what she has not—that of which the state has robbed her, yes, unrighteously and illegally robbed her—her proportion of the public school fund, but which she is obliged to give up, even *against conscience*? For although it goes to the propagation of falsehood, she may not resist the civil power; although, according to the doctrine of her enemies, she is bound here, if anywhere, *by the Vatican decrees* to do so.

Now, having made admissions of such unprovable length, we suppose Mr. De Luce and his friends will graciously make just one in return, a very simple one, too; it is this: the number of notoriously public criminals is nothing in proportion to the bulk of the general population, whether divided into Catholic and Protestant, or taken collectively; consequently, our so-called Catholic criminals are easily disposed of in the State prison or on the gallows, if the laws are properly executed. But who shall relieve society of those hosts of Protestant pests,—bank forgers, dishonest clerks, corrupt officials, propagators of false thought, publishers of obscene literature, theatre managers who corrupt the public morals by the constant succession of grossly and openly indecent plays which they produce, ministerial Beechers and Glendennings, men and

women of notoriously scandalous private lives, all of whom are Protestants, not only educated in, but the direct moral offspring of, our public school system. Add to these the Protestant portion of the *public* criminals, for they are not all *Catholics*, and the proportion of Catholic criminals will be as a drop to the ocean of Protestant iniquity; and these have not the excuse of the want of social position or extensive means as an extenuation of their guilt.

There never was a period of the world when society, in all its aspects, was so impregnated with ROTTENNESS! nay, society is now rottenness incarnate, and the systematic propagation of this rottenness is the logical result of Protestantism, which it could not stop if it would. Catholic criminalities are but the effects of sin upon those who fail to correspond with grace, and represent but the lesser members of the body corporate of iniquity; for the most bigoted enemy of the Church will admit that she is, and always has been, the safest and surest custodian not only of education but of public and private morality.

Again, there never was a period of the world's history when, by the common consent of all artists and artisans, and all proficient advantages considered, skilled labor was so scarce; yet never was *public schooling* so plentiful or so extensive in all its ramifications. Yet this result is, because education was never so flippant and superficial, so ill-regulated and so greatly misapplied. Moreover, what proportionately few Catholic criminals fall under capital punishment, have their dormant faith awakened by the terrible view of their situation. With reviving knowledge of faith is manifested its effects: a priest is sent for, peace is made between the guilty one and heaven, and there is strong hope that, through the mercy of God, which surpasses the deserts or conception of man, the criminal's soul is finally saved. Can

Protestantism work this effect with its Bible reading, tract dispensing, and psalm singing? Does it even care to secure that eternal gain? Are not its religious ceremonies rather a sort of social decency, to give to the human nature of the man a respectable "taking off?" Does this religious dumbshow leave, like the ceremonial surrounding the dying Catholic culprit, any salutary impression upon surviving spectators?

Ah, good Mr. De Luce, you cannot dispense your falsehoods in picturesque garb. This naughty world, blinded as it is, can penetrate the mask with which you conceal their naked deformity. Stultified as it is, it by natural instinct possesses yet the grace of choosing the good and refusing the evil, even when it is too criminally supine to save itself by so doing. You are yet young in your *nasty* career; learn then, before it is too late, that it *pays* better, even in a worldly point of view, to be honest. And so, from the reflected glow of the cucumber leaves, we have found in the depths of the stagnant pools of social corruption this diamond of truth, which proves itself by its own glitter: Manifest *truth* is more powerful than fiction, even *artistic falsehood*.

The next cucumber which we discover is one which, in the rapid spread of bitter weeds in the garden of "progress," we thought had been overgrown and concealed long ago, if it were not actually rotted off the vine of falsity; but if we were right in the latter conjecture, it certainly merely went to seed, for SPIRITUALISM has flourished during the past summer not merely in the garden lands of *isms*, New England and the Western States, but right here, under our very eyes, in honest old Philadelphia, and flourished, too, under the gardening capacities of "sweet Katie King," with more than pristine vigor. Indeed, it seems to have overgrown itself so rapidly, that it must now die from sheer exhaustion of sap, a con-

summation for which we may be devoutly thankful.

It seems that Katie was the daughter of a pirate who flourished as far back as the days of that merry monarch, Charles II. Perhaps the inspiration of the liveliness of society in those days had taken possession of her manes, for certain it is that she was a real "old-time" spirit, and a decidedly merry one. Her *debut* was first made in London; and the great fact which her appearance tended to prove was one for which the spiritualists had long been yearning, namely, that progress had actually invaded the spirit world, so that the ghosts of the departed are now not only capable of materializing themselves, but even their ethereal raiment, and giving it the virtue of extension, so that when any of it is torn or cut, it immediately makes itself whole, of which interesting fact we would advise Dorcas societies and folks who are not troubled with a too well-stocked wardrobe to turn if possible to advantage. We are, however, sincerely pained, as every popish enemy of progress must be, to learn of its reaching to the other world. We had from earliest childhood been reared in the fond belief that in heaven there was rest and peace for weary mortals. But we find we were mistaken, from the information now given, as well as the news that celestial congresses are held up there; and the intimation of Mr. Boker, our present minister to Turkey, who informed us once in a poem, read at a reunion of the Army of the Potomac, that all the dead generals were busy conducting celestial campaigns; so that we know not where to turn for a blissful immortality; while, as a member of the bar, our future punishment is anticipated here below by the news brought us from Chicago, that all the deceased judges of the Supreme Court of Illinois have, after mature deliberation, decided upon reversing all the decisions they gave in life, using as their earthly spokes-



men, for this purpose, their still surviving brethren of the bench. WHEN WILL THIS THING STOP?

Pardon this slight digression, dear reader. The French translation of our proverb, "*as cool as a cucumber*," is "*un anglais timide*," and the grim sense of humor which it conveys is most applicable to Katie King, for she was *une anglaise timide* in the Frenchiest sense of the expression. Her right name is said to have been Annie Morgan. Of her genealogy, beyond the piratical fact stated, nothing is known. For aught we know she may have been a descendant of the light-headed monarch himself; and when asked her name have replied, in the language of Katherine of Arragon,

"Certes the daughter of a king,  
Or long have believed so."

Her success in befooling the gullible Britons was sufficient to induce her, or her counterpart, to direct her flight to our western shores, where, under the patronage of the Holmes family, she has been coining the unspiritual lucre called money, her principal victims being Mr. Robert Dale Owen, who came by her special invitation all the way from Boston, and Dr. Childs of our own city. The history of her performances is narrated by Gen. Lippett in the current number of the *Galaxy*, and by Mr. Owen at length in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, the publishers of which latter magazine, although they may be willing to pay Mr. Owen ten dollars per page for his trashy writing, very carefully disclaim, by a special flyleaf, any indorsement of his sentiments; and it is remarkable, as a New York journal suggests, that this elaborate indorsement of this manifestation should have appeared simultaneously with a public withdrawal of that indorsement by Mr. Owen in a paper which, in this regard, at least, bears the very appropriate title, *The Banner of Light*.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* gives the whole history of the affair with

admirable and humorous succinctness, and especially narrates at length how those two gentlemen, as well as many others, were egregiously "sold."

A certain gentleman who was an anxious seeker after truth, scientific or otherwise, attended the seances, and beheld the lovely virgin of two hundred years of age; and although somewhat skeptical, was willing to be convinced. We will let the reporter of the *Inquirer* tell how he was convinced:

"One evening, when in proximity to 'Katie,' he ascertained she had a *bad breath*, which produced rather an unfavorable impression; but still he reflected that a lady who had been dead two hundred years ought to have a baddish breath, and he was unwilling

'To bear the tidings of calamity,  
Like an unseasonable stormy day,'

to others, and for the time remained quiet; in other words, 'submitted to the conditions' imposed upon all frequenters of the spiritual sanctum. Believing that 'flesh and blood cannot enter the kingdom of heaven,' and too gallant to believe that Miss King was spiritually in 'tother place,' the aforesaid gentleman concluded that Katie must be 'to the manner born.'

"The admirers of Katie were neither few nor far between. A number of those who came under her influence got to writing poetry in her honor, some of it by what spiritualists call impression. Some of this poetry was just as wretched as could possibly be put together by presumably sane people. The following is a sample:

'Oh, gather 'round and let us sing  
The praises of sweet Katie King,  
Who, from her bright and happy sphere,  
Comes smiling to us mortals here.  
CHORUS.—Then with glad voices let all sing,  
The praises of sweet Katie King.'

"Although the evidences of the 'machine-make' verse are in the above, many of the other inspired lines are much worse as to time, sentiment, metre, and rhythm. Many of the suddenly-made poets were formerly intelligent men and women, who will probably, after reading what follows, return to their senses.

"Things were going on smoothly; money was flowing into the coffers of the 'mediums,' and Katie's friends were jubilant at the number of converts daily being made to the cause of 'spirit materialization;' but suddenly, without warning, Katie disappeared. Night after night her devotees assembled to welcome

her return. The 'medium' with plaintive voice sang 'I am coming, I am coming;' but she did *not* come. Various were the reasons assigned. Some said 'she was offended at unkind remarks that had been made about her.'

"The 'mediums' said that 'some rude fellows had entered the cabinet and taken all the magnetism out;' and furthermore, that Katie had ascended to a 'higher sphere' and exhausted her strength; others were uncharitable enough to say that 'Katie was on a strike.'"

We will not, however, trouble our readers with a detailed account of the doings at the seances, sufficient to say that the upsetting of the Katie King swindle is complete, while the developments are so thorough, that we feel quite at ease in congratulating all honest people on the overthrow of spiritualism; for, if there are folks foolish enough or bad enough to still cling to it, they write, by the act itself, their own condemnation, and they should be sent, along with the originators of the movement, to the penitentiary or the workhouse as social pests.

A New York journal, in an article on the subject, contains some very good sentiments. It very graphically describes Katie as a young lady "*who thought she had no honest way of earning a living.*" We wonder if she thought that the methods she adopted for gaining a livelihood were any more honest than those which she abjured.

"*One amazing feature of this whole business is that so many people who find the fundamental principles of the Christian religion too much for them accept the juggleries of 'spiritists' without any difficulty. It is an interesting problem in psychology, this desperate rejection of the doctrines of a revealed religion, and glad embrace of a form of delusion that has been often exposed, and which seems to require a gigantic faith to receive.* It is not enough to say that men who have cut themselves adrift from the faith of the Christian religion have no other resource but some strange delusion. Why should they be given over to a strange enchantment? It almost surpasses belief, that several gentlemen of education and culture should actually permit a young woman to delude them into the admission that she—with her moist, warm hand, pulse beating

seventy-two a minute, and other human characteristics—was a visitant from the world of spirits. Yet she not only inspired this belief in these men, but forced them to believe that flowers, jewelry, and other substantial gifts from earthly stores were 'spiritualized' and taken away by the spirit into its place of habitation, whether in viewless air or far-off spaces of the universe. The world cannot lack victims for any imposture so long as ignorance and superstition exist; and even the keenest human intelligence seems sometimes to fail to be proof against a cunning fraud."

The italics in the above quotation are ours. We take exception, however, to the *Times* remarks, that "*it is not enough to say that men who have cut themselves adrift from the faith of the Christian religion have no other resource but some strange delusion.*" We respectfully inform the *Times* that this is the kernel of the nut it professes to be unable to crack. It is the key to the whole problem, if problem it be; for, when men abandon the light of truth which their Divine Lord has left burning for them in the sanctuary of the Church, they become *ipso facto* the self-chained prisoners and dupes of the "Father of lies."

For our own part, we never had any doubts about the materializing qualities of these kind of spirits, either as regards themselves or the public generally, since the doctrine of Spiritualism is the very soul of Materialism. To be sure, Mr. Owen and Dr. Child do not in *totidem verbis* give up the mystic craft as yet; for, with the sensitiveness of human nature, they have not the courage to acknowledge they were duped, although the press generally has told them pretty plainly that such is their duty. Mr. Owen, especially, says that he was merely deceived, and gives up the Holmeses because they on one or two occasions refused to submit to the tests he required, in moving the cabinet in which Katie always appeared.

Did Mr. Owen ever hear about the injunction of our Saviour not to seek for Christ *in the closets*? if so,



let him now give up his anxiety about "cabinets on castors," and, remembering that he has already "one foot in the grave," may have less time still on earth than the spirits have promised him, but that the work he has to do in that time is preparing his own soul to meet spirits of a purer and vastly different grade than those with which he has been coquetting on earth.

If we had any doubts about the sincerity of Mr. Owen they would be dispelled by the persistent efforts with which, to use a vulgarism, the spirits "went for" him, and the wishy washy rhapsodies and sickening superlatives in which he indulges in referring to them, prove that they knew their man and the weakness of his nature. Let him and all like him step around to the nearest Catholic priest and have a few *exorcismes* said over them, and they will soon find the scales of hallucination fall from their eyes.

Children in the country are fond of imitating the chirp of a certain green insect by repeating the old doggerel,

"Katy did, Katy did,  
Katy broke a bottle."

The verses are expressive of not only the "bottle of spirits" which Katie King has broken, but also the neck of the bottle imp himself, which has intoxicated with its baneful poison so many otherwise well-balanced minds. *Ergo* the moral sunbeam which is reflected from this event is the same which was sung by the royal Psalmist centuries ago, *Iniquitas mentita est sibi*, which, vulgarly translated, means, "Give a rogue rope enough, and he will hang himself." And the rogues whose rogueries here bear witness to their own falsehoods are only a few of the cohorts of false thought, which even the patronage of our

progressive age fails to shield from the centralized rays of the sun of truth. Thankful indeed should we be that our century is progressive in the right as well as the wrong, and still more thankful should we followers of the Light of the world be, that in following him we walk not in darkness, or, to quote the same idea in the eloquent language of a lady whom we heard not long since say, in commenting on this very Katie King business, "How grateful we should be to God for the fact that *we can make the sign of the cross.*"

That graceful novelist, Miss Caroline Cheseboro, once wrote, "Whether or not we gather roses in December depends on the climate in which we seek for them." So, good readers, whether we gather cucumbers at Christmas depends on the temperature of our greenhouses. The heat by which we may have raised them may be somewhat artificial, and the light of the sun has reached them only through the refraction and reflection of the glass roofs. So, kind readers, we may have used the heat of rhetoric and the light of truth reflected from the mirror of thought to get the food of reflection in the figure of cucumbers; and now, having obtained them, let us partake of them in their most digestible form, pickled with theseasoning of sound doctrine. The few which we have served up on this occasion are but selected from a goodly store yet remaining, but these few are quite as many as our mental digestion can safely support at one literary meal. So, hoping you have enjoyed the feast, we will bid you a Happy New Year, while the old chimes are sounding in our ears,

"Ring out the old, ring in the new;  
Ring out the *false*, ring in the *TRUE*."

## AN OLD BOY'S TALE.

IN some people, and especially in those who live and die unmarried, there is a period before that of second childhood, frequent indeed in those who to the end of their days show no sign of childishness, which may be termed their second youth—a period at which they yearn to recall the loves and romances of former years, and dwell with a peculiar fondness on the beautiful or pathetic episodes of their early life. Happy is the boy, though snubbed by papa, and kept in jackets by mamma, whose bachelor uncle remembers his own sixteenth year, with its not trifling passions, ambitions, and sorrows. Happy is the maiden, though novels are forbidden, who has some gentle friend in whom forty years of stern reality have not obliterated the image of some old ideal—an ideal of which the original might blush to know, so much have the coloring of love and the haze of time embellished and softened it. Happy I say, and happier far than tailcoats or novels could make them; for from these worn weak hearts divine lessons of long suffering may be learnt, more than a mere love story, as we may many of us know by experience.

In his second youth died the man who left behind him the following simple autobiography. He was like most of these men in their second youth, brisk, mild, and precise, with an unobtrusive flow of uninteresting talk; a man whom no one would accept an invitation to meet, or refuse one to avoid, essentially a *stop-gap* in society, and in private life the faithful friend of schoolboys.

And when he died, "So poor A—is gone," said Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones, but Tom, Dick, and Harry, their sons, lamented the "Old Boy."

I have no compunction in offering his tale for perusal, as from internal

evidence it must have been at least meant for that of his friends, and a perhaps too partial recollection of him makes me think that his readers will become his friends for the time. I feel sure that any pleasure they may find in reading it will be far inferior to that with which he noted down the sentimental remembrance of the past. It fell into my hands through circumstances which, as they are quite unimportant, I need not relate.

The most difficult task I ever set myself is that of realizing that I am old. I measure my life by the public events I remember, and they carry me back to the last century; but Time and I have dawdled so quietly along, that I feel no fatigue. I look in the glass as I shave, and I try to find marks of age, but I do not see more wrinkles than I did last year, nor more gray hairs. Jones looks old, I know, and gets balder, but I cannot see that *I* do. Then I take out a coat I had made for a wedding near sixty years ago; I hang it on a chair, and contemplate its make; I do not wear a broad blue velvet collar now, nor brass buttons, just under my shoulders. My coat is old—yes, certainly—but I cannot feel that *I* am. Then I look at my contemporaries: Halford, who played cricket with me in the year 1795, is a grandfather, and his wife, who was such a pretty girl, wears a wig; but I have no wife nor grandchildren. Where are the milestones on the road I have travelled? and I sigh—for tombstones mark the miles that I have trodden—but they cover the young, the fair; how should they make me feel old?

The events of my life have been of the most commonplace character. I went to school as a child, to college as a boy, into a banking-house



as a young man. I had a moderate fortune to start with, and have been moderately successful in my business. I have lived within my income, and never married. But, like many other ordinary people who have not talent or force of character to make events for themselves, the circumstances that gathered round my early years were in some respects peculiar, and appear to me worth relating.

I was not more than five years old when I lost both my parents by a singular and dreadful accident. The house we inhabited was situate in a lonely but stormy spot on the north-east coast. A hill sheltered it from the north winds, and it basked in the noonday sun on the brink of the sea. A promontory bent its arm round our little bay, and breaking off abruptly reappeared at a mile from the shores a group of rocks and small islands.

Even now but little has faded of the mystery and romance with which my childish imagination invested those islands, and none of the terror with which I regarded them, for among those rocks, one angry sun-down, my father and my young mother found their grave. The early evening was lovely and calm. They started in their pleasure-boat, waving their hands and blowing me kisses on the perfidious breeze. Not two hours after did the distracted household watch from the windows the short and frightful tragedy of their end.

A fresh air rose as the sun went down, favoring the rising tide. The sea rushed swiftly and suddenly through the tiny straits between the rocks in foaming rapids, which met in whirlpools each moment deeper and fiercer, and the unwary little skiff, her sails useless among the opposite gusts through the rocks, her oars and rudder unavailing against the contending currents, was tossed for a few minutes on the waves, and then disappeared behind a crag. Boats had long before this

left the shore, but the wind rose rapidly; with the night, rain came on in torrents; to venture among the rocks was mere frantic risk, and the pleasure boat with its freight was seen no more.

I relate this as I was afterwards told it, for sleep rested on my unweeping eyes as my father and mother struggled for their last breath; but such accidents, to fishing-boats, were not unfrequent on our treacherous shore. I remember with vividness the waking next morning, to find myself fatherless and motherless, almost uncared for in the midst of bewildered and masterless servants.

We lived some miles from any town, and our only neighbors were the fishermen of the village; but in a few hours a friend of my father's had been informed of the event, and came to fetch me from the home to which I have never since returned. I was too young to feel much besides excessive terror and wonder; in fact, it seems that I must have been to some extent stupified by the sudden changes, though I so far understood that I should never see my mother again, as to beg to have for my "very own" a portrait of her that had been done a year or two before—a request that was kindly and wisely granted. I cried bitterly whenever I realized my loss, but that, at five years, was but seldom after the first burst was over.

Of any details succeeding these events I have no recollection, nor of how long I staid with my kind friends; not long, I suppose, for I left them before my sixth birthday. Nor do I remember any preparation for my departure, beyond a leave-taking one evening, and falling asleep in my nurse's arms to awake in a stage-coach.

Dear me, can it indeed be that I am old—that waking seems but yesterday—or was it last night in my dreams?

Then came the delightful excitement of changing horses, dining off sandwiches, and flying from the trees

as they circled past. I am quite sure no thought of sorrow dulled my gladness on that day; all was unmixed delight.

I fell asleep again and woke on being handed out of the coach and hearing confused talking; a light poked into my face completely roused me, and by the time I was wide awake and set on my feet the coach had driven off, and I was standing with my nurse and two men with lanterns by the side of a heap of luggage. This Roger and Harry, subsequently my great allies, shouldered, and we followed them a short distance to a door which opened into a small hall. After a short bustle and colloquy with a maid, my nurse took off my hat, pushed back my hair, and saying, "Now you are going to see your aunt," followed the servant into a sitting-room.

Little I knew for how many years that room would be dear to me—how sacred to my memory till I remember no more.

It was rather a lofty room, though small, the walls were panelled with crimson and gold, the borders of carved wood painted a light gray; the chairs matched the walls, light carved and gilt wood with oval backs and crimson seats; there were two arm-chairs and a cabinet; "sofas as yet were not" in rooms of this style. Before an embroidery frame, with candles on the table and a maze of gay silks by her side, sat a lady, young, tall, handsome—the very image of my father. As we entered, the draft from the door disturbed the silks, and she looked up; she bowed slightly to the nurse, and, smiling kindly, held out her hand to me. I advanced with confidence, probably from her strong resemblance to my father, and put my hand in hers; she drew me to her and kissed me. I stood for some minutes silent and wondering, too young to feel embarrassed, too astonished to cry. Not a word broke the stillness; at last, with unaccustomed boldness, I

lightly touched with my finger the flowers of her exquisite embroidery (that very white satin, now yellow; those very roses, now faded, are on my sofa cushion still; one bud especially has quite lost its bloom, but how dear to me its pale remains—its color evaporated in a tear shed by Phoebe).

She took my hand gently off, and, as if afraid of my being vexed, patted and kissed it; she put before me a book, and, opening it, pointed to the pictures, but I gazed at *her*.

What spell had fallen on us?

At last, scared by the silence, overpowered by her gentle melancholy face, I broke from her and ran to hide against my nurse's gown. Nor was it till I found myself in a bed-room, where my supper was prepared, that I ventured to speak.

The reader has probably guessed, what I did not, that my Aunt Mabel was deaf and dumb.

It was striking eleven that night as I was put to bed, and though, no doubt, I asked a number of childish questions, I have no recollection of them or of the answers. I understood that I was to live with my aunt, and that I had a cousin, her niece, for she was herself unmarried, of whom also she had the charge. The next morning, when dressed, I was taken down to the same room I had been in the night before, and as I had been used to do, I walked up to my aunt and said, in my best manner, "Good morning, Aunt Mabel."

She looked at me with a kind smile and a kiss, and nothing in the whole of my subsequent experience in the least resembles the sensation that then came over me. The utter uselessness of speaking, the weight of silence overpowered me. I felt perfectly helpless, and sat down to my bread and milk a melancholy child. This misery, however, was luckily soon to be relieved, for just as I had finished my breakfast and was doubting whether it might be



right to get off my chair without asking leave—which it was useless to do—and indeed the silence was so profound that I dared not have spoken, the door opened and there entered Phœbe.

No words can tell the effect her appearance had on me; her young lovely face and form, her quick gestures, and, above all, her girlish voice, are before me now—a vision perfectly distinct from that which I can call up of her appearance at a later period. She came to me as the angel of resurrection from that tomb-like abyss of silence and oppression. It was not till long after that I grew into a comprehension and appreciation of her beauty. I was then too young, and indeed she herself was but a girl of twelve, and her charms were only in their bud; it was the *life* of her that I felt; the gay laugh and light grace with which she came into the room, a kitten scampering round her feet, and a spray of roses in her hand.

I was not a shy child, and when she knelt down by me and threw her arm round me, I willingly returned the caress, and said, though with a half terror of speaking, "May I get down?"

"To be sure," was the answer. And some telegraphic communication having passed between my aunt and cousin, I was carried off quite happy to romp in the garden.

My Aunt Mabel was my father's only sister; her other brother, who was the eldest of the three, had died some years before, leaving to her charge the orphan Phœbe, her mother being also dead, and now the occurrences I have related had added to her cares that of me.

She was in every way one of the most remarkable women I have ever met with; and a more judicious guardian could not have been found.

The only daughter of sensible parents, she had been instructed in every art that could enliven her solitary soul; and, her infirmity never

having been made an excuse for ill-temper, her gentleness and affection made it appear an additional claim on the consideration of others.

My grandfather having left a good fortune, poverty never invaded her luxurious but unpretending retirement, and in Phœbe, who, having lived with my aunt from the age of two, was far beyond her years, she had at once a companion and a friend. She was remarkably handsome, always dressed to perfection, and constantly occupied with some of the arts in which she excelled; she drew and embroidered exquisitely, knitted and netted with dexterity, and made the most delicate lace. Her library was well furnished, and her mind almost as well, for she read a great deal, and remembered all she read. Nay, besides teaching Phœbe all she knew, which included French and Italian grammar, I had no other teacher till I went to school, and did not find myself particularly backward in Latin, arithmetic, and the rudiments of Greek. Our lessons were all learnt by heart, and then written out while she looked over us. She, of course, held the book, and we wrote in a sort of abbreviated language which would sadly have puzzled a stranger; more especially as, from the extraordinary quickness with which she discovered whether we were right, few of the sentences were ever completed.

By these means we did not learn quickly, perhaps, but we learnt correctly, and many of her spare hours were devoted to writing out questions, to which we found the answers for her correction. An old French gentleman, a refugee, no doubt, came once a fortnight from the neighboring town, and after three hours spent in teaching Phœbe more or less well to play the piano, to dance, and to read and speak French, he put off the master, and resuming the private gentleman, dined with us before returning home.

I recall with a sort of wonder the

simple regularity of the household ; how, day after day, and year after year, as if no note were taken of time, and no thought of change ever fell on that peaceful home, the same events recurred, and, to me, the same pleasures. One feeling I never did and never could get over ; in the garden I could play, run, shout, and sing, but the house was to me a temple of silence—silence broken indeed often by the voices of Phœbe and myself, but never, I really believe, in all the years I lived there, by one hearty laugh on my part.

The first terror that my aunt's silence had occasioned me gave way to a feeling of tender reverence ; there was something solemn to me in the grandeur of her handsome head and splendid expressive eyes that half revealed her mind, shrouded, as it were, in a fatal silence ; so, though as I grew older my childish wonder wore off, my respect for that mysterious veil constantly increased, and I felt that if one day my aunt were to find the power of language, a spell, sacred to my heart and dear to my imagination, would be forever broken. When I, alone in the world to mourn for her, saw her eyes closed to this world's light, my first thought was, "She is speaking now," and I felt a peculiar gladness that her first words should be in that heavenly tongue, which was doubtless as far beyond my comprehension as her deep-buried sorrows and unuttered joys had been.

Four years passed in happy monotony, and shortly before I was ten years old, I was sent to a public school. Of the effect that its discipline had upon my character I can hardly judge, for my heart clung always so closely to home, and the ambitions and strifes of school were so indifferent to me—for I was neither robust nor clever—that I believe my life and character were but little influenced by them. Phœbe constantly wrote to me, and the details of our home pets and village friends

interested me far more than school escapades, or bedroom "chums." I always went home for the holidays ; and, though Phœbe, as she grew older, paid occasional visits to distant friends, she always returned in time to welcome me, and remained during the whole of my vacation. I never missed her, and I never found her change, for with my growth she grew from a pretty girl to a lovely woman—ah ! in my memory peerless ! I became more and more capable of appreciating her, till at the age when boys are most susceptible, she was to me all in all. I followed her steps, I trod in her shadow ; and, in short, was madly in love. Of this I am sure she was utterly unsuspecting ; her simple heart was unconscious of itself ; she never looked for admiration, for she had never lacked it ; that of her home circle was a matter of course ; she was queen of the hearth, and she knew it, nor cared for more ; but within a few months, doubtless, she found another life ; for one day, just before the midsummer holidays, when I was sixteen, I received a letter dated from a friend's house, where she had been paying a long visit, to tell me she was going to be married.

An awful, blank, numb feeling came over me, relieved only by my indignant mortification, as I felt that she had never even thought it possible that I, a child she had known almost from the cradle, could ever dream of loving her otherwise than as a brother ; nay, perhaps if she had told the truth, Phœbe would have said as a slave—for she was somewhat imperious—but in her it was not a fault, only a beauty arising naturally from the unlimited sway she possessed over all who surrounded her.

I am blind ? Well, yes, I *am* blind. She must have had faults, for she was mortal ; but to this day they are to me but an additional charm. She was Phœbe, daughter of the sunbeams—a perfectly good-tempered way-



wardness, the arch petulance of a spoilt child, were only just a sufficient admixture of weakness to make her true womanly; and who could love an angel? We should soon tire of a being so perfect that it had no wants for us to gratify, or whims to humor.

It was not far from the midsummer holidays when I received this letter; and in her next she told me that Captain Howell was to pass part of them in our neighborhood; that she should be at home for the six weeks; married before my return to school, and then leave with her husband. My despair at this intelligence was not that of a boy. No fancy for drowning myself or devoting myself to celibacy entered my head, but I had lost all that I then lived for, and felt that I must begin a new chapter in existence. I took an opportunity of going to the neighboring town and spending all my ready money, of which I had generally plenty, in buying the handsomest ring I could find for Phœbe, and when the holidays came I mounted the coach with very mixed feelings.

As I got to the garden gate, and was on the point of getting down, I saw from my elevated position a white figure walking up the terrace,—it was Phœbe. The terrace was very near the road, but screened from it by a thick laurel hedge, and it was only by being so high up that I could see it. I took all in at a glance; Phœbe in an evening dress of white—then very fashionable—the folds of the narrow skirt blown round her by the evening breeze, which also disturbed her thick curls; her face bright and eager, one hand holding her hat, the other through the arm of a gentleman—Captain Howell, her lover.

I vented my excitement in a tremendous leap to the ground. She must have just caught sight of me, for I heard her quick step as she ran to the gate calling me, but I slipped round by a back path and flew into

the house. I could not just then have faced Captain Howell. I put off the evil moment for an hour or so, but at last came tea-time, and the meeting was inevitable. Phœbe was just the same as ever—lovely, affectionate, with her enchanting May-day manner and exacting caprice. Captain Howell I tried to ignore. I was, I believe, perfectly civil to him, and, to please Phœbe, gave him a full share of the obedience I yielded her; but of his position there and his rights I would not permit myself to think. He was a handsome, gentlemanly man, with a quiet tender air, and a cool manner that contrasted strongly with Phœbe's light vivacity. He drove me half crazy by his forethought. Phœbe's wishes were fulfilled before they were formed. In vain I watched for opportunities of pleasing her. He forestalled every want, and left me without occupation. I followed her like a dog, doubtless to the great disgust of Captain Howell, till he one day laughingly said he believed I was jealous, and I had no choice but to laugh too—as Phœbe did. At last the weary time passed, weary, though I dreaded the end: and the evening came before the marriage—the last, the very last evening with Phœbe.

Captain Howell had been hanging about all the morning. Not that he saw much of Phœbe, for she was too busy packing; and to-day for the first time she showed frankly any regret at leaving her early home. A stray sigh, or some hint of sorrow, had now and then escaped her; but either out of compliment to her future husband, or because she was really happy, they were very rarely heard. But at breakfast on this last morning her eyes were unmistakably red, and for fully a quarter of an hour afterwards she sat on a stool at my aunt's feet, her head bent in that motherly lap, while Aunt Mabel's rare tears dropped on her shining hair. But there was business to be done, luckily for all. My aunt

and Phœbe disappeared till dinner, and Captain Howell and I prowled about, too utterly *désœuvrés* to pretend to be company for each other. Shortly before dinner Phœbe came down; she went to the gate with Captain Howell, who took his last leave of her and rode off, she wandering back to the house, her eyes very full of her coming happiness.

Dinner was a melancholy meal; we could none of us eat, and yet we could not hurry it—it was the last. When it was over Phœbe went out into the garden, and I presently followed her, determined to offer my parting gift with as few words as possible, and so strangle my misery. We walked up and down for some time, talking by fits, but oftener silent, till at last she sat down on a bench. It was near evening, the sun threw ruddy flickering patches of light through the trees, but as yet no stars promised consolation for his departure—and to-morrow she was going—by next sunset would be gone.

“Phœbe,” I said, cold and sick, “I have got you a wedding present, a ring; I hope you will like it—to keep—wear—remember.”

My pulses choked me. I put it in her hand, and she looked at me, as I stood intending to fly as soon as I had given it; but tears were in her eyes, and I dropped on the seat by her side.

“Kiss me once—my love—love of my life. Phœbe, I would have married you.”

“Poor boy!” she said, gave me one deep kiss, and ran into the house. I sat like one frozen till I heard a bell ring, which startled me, and I went in. As I passed the drawing-room window I saw Phœbe, who had thrown herself on a settee, and with her face buried in a cushion—that cushion—was sobbing violently. By the time I went into the room my aunt had joined her, and they were engaged in a last silent conversation by signs.

I did not go to the church next

day, but I stood at the gate to see the last of Phœbe, as her husband carried her from the home of her youth, and an intense bitterness filled me as I rejoined my aunt, who had parted with her at the door.

That parting broke my Aunt Mabel's heart. No one who had not seen them together could imagine what Phœbe was to her. She had grown into such a comprehension of that entombed soul; there were so many impulses in my aunt, that finding no outlet in speech could only be known by one whose sympathies had been trained to read them, and that one a woman, that in losing Phœbe she lost as it were the complemental chord that made her life perfect, and she never was herself after. Ah, Phœbe! were you right to leave her so?

I went back to school at the end of the holidays, and when older I went to college, but my home was still with Aunt Mabel. Each time I came home I saw her more and more changed; as with a man in solitary confinement, solitude seemed closing on her: she would not engage a companion,—indeed at this I do not wonder,—and in spite of reading, gardening, and charity, she altered visibly, and, without any apparent disease, sunk into a state of apathy which brought her to the grave. I was not all I might have been to her, perhaps,—all I *could* be I was; but Phœbe had absorbed me wholly, and I had no strength of mind to rise above the occasion.

\* \* \* \* \*

Twelve years after this Phœbe returned; Captain Howell was dead, and she came home with one little girl—a second Phœbe, just fit to be a May Queen. My Phœbe was altered in face, older, harder; in manner a shade harder too, perhaps, but with the same light vivacity as in her youth. Although we had at intervals corresponded—but letters took four months in going to India then—I think she had not realized that it



was for the memory of my one first love that I had never loved again; perhaps she had never thought of it at all. Of course I never said so to her, but a passion that had so influenced my whole life could not fail sometimes to betray itself, and Phœbe's friendship after her return grew warmer and deeper.

I do not know whether she would have married me—I never asked her—I would not insult her by supposing she loved me more than her dead husband. I would not have her loving me less; nor would I marry the mother of his child—Phœbe must be all or none of mine.

And now for more than twenty years she has been lying by my Aunt Mabel. Her daughter married before her death, and went to live in a foreign land, and I am ending my life alone.

My wedding coat, never worn, and my Aunt Mabel's cushion, my mother's picture, and the ring I gave to Phœbe are my household gods; and a plot, unshorn by the mower, with a tombstone on either side, marks the spot where I shall rejoin the two women I have loved.

\* \* \* \* \*

This, kind reader, is the whole of

my old friend's manuscript, a record of a gentle, weak intellect, subjugated by feeling. I cannot, however, conclude without relating an incident that occurred at the time when I first met the Old Boy, and which was never fully explained to me till I read the foregoing story.

We made acquaintance at the dinner-table of a mutual friend, who had known Captain Howell for many years, and whose wife, as I afterwards heard, had been the intimate friend of Captain Howell's lovely wife: it was some years after Phœbe's death, and I had never, of course, even heard her name. In the evening, Mrs. D— happened to want something from another room, and, turning to her daughter, she said:

"Will you fetch it, Phœbe?"

The Old Boy looked up.

"What, is there a Phœbe here too?" said he.

"What else could I have called her?" was the answer.

Thenceforth the young lady had a devoted friend. He was always at her beck for a walk or a drive; her room was stocked with his little presents, and at his death none had more cause to mourn than the namesake of his only love.

## LETTERS TO A PROTESTANT FRIEND,

GIVING A BRIEF HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM AND OF CHURCH-OF-ENGLANDISM IN THE WORDS OF PROTESTANTS.

### SEVENTH LETTER.

DEAR SIR: As we proceed in the examination of the edifice raised upon the brutal, blaspheming Henry VIII, we find it in complete keeping with its foundation. The order of its construction keeps clear of even the slightest imitation of the church of Christ founded on the Rock, Peter, and the other apostles. Nor

does it indicate any insurance that "the gates of hell will not prevail against it." On the contrary, the thing dubbed "*Church of England by law established*," shows in the whole of the plan that the architect is Satan, and the progress of the work exhibits such material only as the ingenuity of hell could devise

and human depravity would execute. Not only did the gates of hell prevail in the operation, but we find it an arsenal for antichristian warfare. Such is the evidence already produced, which will be corroborated by the further examination of the *pillar and ground of lies*.

HUME.—“To show how much Henry sported with law and common sense, how servilely the Parliament followed all his caprices, and how much both of them were lost to all sense of shame, an act was passed declaring that a precontract should be no ground for annulling a marriage; as if that pretext had not been made use of both in the case of Anne Boleyn and Anne of Cleves. But the king’s intention in this law is said to be a design of restoring the Princess Elizabeth to her right of legitimacy, and it was his character never to look farther than the present object, without regarding the inconsistency of his conduct. The Parliament made it high treason to deny the dissolution of Henry’s marriage with Anne of Cleves.” (Hist.)

HERBERT.—“The lady Anne of Cleves contented herself with the title of the king’s *adopted sister*. The lady Catharine Howard was married to the king, and presently after showed publicly as queen.” (Life of Henry.)

COLLIER.—“Cranmer had now a difficult post to manage. His aim was to push the Reformation to a farther progress; but here he had reason to be discouraged. His instruments were disproportioned to the work, and his adherents, if they are rightly represented, unprepared to discharge their part.” (Eccles. Hist.)

BURNET.—“The other bishops that adhered to Cranmer were rather clogs than helps to him. Latimer’s simplicity and weakness made him despised; Shaxton’s proud and litigious humor drew hatred on him; Barlow was not very discreet, and many of the preachers whom they

cherished, whether out of an unbridled forwardness of temper, or a *true zeal* that would not *be managed and governed by politic and prudent measures*, were flying at many things that were not yet abolished. Many complaints were brought of these to the king; upon which letters were sent to all the bishops, in the king’s name, to take care that as the people should be instructed in the truth, so they should not be unwarily charged with *too many novelties*; since the publishing these, if it was not tempered with great discretion, would raise much contention, and other inconveniences, that might be of dangerous consequences. But it seems this caveat did not produce what was designed by it, or, at least, the opposite party were still bringing in new complaints.” (Hist. Ref.)

SOUTHEY.—“Many of the inferior preachers were for hurrying forward to *destroy* rather than to reform. The Bible itself gave occasion for evil; presumptuous and ignorant persons no sooner read, than they took upon themselves to expound it. They interrupted the church service by thus holding forth; discussed points of scripture in ale-houses and taverns; quarrelled over them, and bandied about the reproachful appellations of papist and heretic. Those insane opinions also were abroad which struck at the root of all authority, civil or ecclesiastical, and of all social order.” (Hist. of Church.)

BURNET.—“A parliament was summoned to meet on 22d of January, 1542. Two acts of great importance to religion were passed. The preamble to the first set forth that, there being many dissensions about religion, the scriptures, which the king had put into the hands of the people, were abused by many seditious persons in their sermons, books, plays, rhymes, and songs, from which great inconveniences were likely to arise. For preventing these it was necessary to establish a form of sincere doctrine, conformable to that which was



taught by the apostles. Therefore, all the books of the Old and New Testament, of Tindal's translation, (which is called crafty, false, and untrue), are forbidden to be kept or used in the king's dominions. No books were to be printed about religion without the king's allowance. None might read the scripture in any open assembly, or expound it, but he who was *licensed by the king or his ordinary.*" (Hist. Ref.)

The last speech Henry made in Parliament deserves attention, as entering into the construction of the singular establishment which he founded in place of the Holy Catholic Church. His speech was chiefly directed against those dissensions in religion, which were the natural offspring the new doctrine inspired by the vilest passions. Immediately the authority of the Church was destroyed, a multitude of conflicting parties sprung up in England, as in Germany, clamorous and violent in their contentions, and obstinate in their own opinions, however ill conceived or dangerous to the welfare of society.

The king spoke to this effect: "Sith I find such kindness on your part towards me, I cannot chuse but love and favor you, affirming that no prince in the world more favoreth his subjects than I do, nor no subjects or commons more love and obey their sovereign lord than I perceive you do. Yet, although I wish you, and you wish me, to be in this perfect love and concord, this friendly amity cannot continue, except both you, my lords temporal, and you, my lords spiritual, and you my loving subjects, study and take pains to amend one thing, which surely is amiss and far out of order, to the which I most heartily require you, which is, that charity and concord is not amongst you, but discord and dissension beareth rule in every place. St. Paul saith to the Corinthians, '*Charity is gentle, charity is not envious, charity is not proud.*'"

Behold, then, what love and charity is amongst you, when one calleth another heretic and anabaptist; and he calleth him again papist, hypocrite, and pharisee. Be these tokens of charity amongst you? No, no! I hear daily that you of the clergy preach one against another, without charity or discretion; some be too stiff in their old *mumpsimus*, others be too busy with their new *sumpsimus*. Thus all men, almost, be in variety and discord, and few or none preach truly and sincerely the word of God, according as they ought to do. Shall I judge you charitable persons doing this? No, no! I cannot do so. Alas! how can the poor souls live in concord, when you preachers sow amongst them, in your sermons, debate and discord? Of you they look for light, and you bring them to darkness. Amend these crimes, I exhort you, and set forth God's word both by true preaching and by good example giving; or else I, whom God hath appointed his *vicar* and *high minister* here, will see these divisions extinct, and these enormities corrected, according to my very duty. Although, I say, the spiritual men be in some fault, that charity is not kept amongst them; yet the temporality be not clear and unspotted of malice and envy. For you rail on bishops, speak slanderously of priests, and rebuke and taunt preachers, both contrary to good order and Christian fraternity. If you know surely that a bishop or a preacher erreth, or teacheth perverse doctrine, come and declare it to some of our council, or to us, to whom *is committed by God* the high authority to reform and order such causes and behaviors; and be not judges of yourselves, of your fantastical opinions and vain expositions. In such high causes you may lightly err; and also, though you be permitted to read holy scriptures, and to have the word of God in your mother tongue, you must understand that it is licensed you are to do so, only to in-

form your own consciences, and to instruct your children and families, and not to dispute and make scripture a railing and taunting stock against priests and preachers, as many light persons do. I am very sorry to know and hear how unreverently that most precious jewel, the word of God, is disputed, rhymed, sung, and jangled, in every alehouse and tavern, contrary to the true meaning and doctrine of the same. And yet I am even as much sorry that the readers of the same follow it, in doing, so faintly and so coldly. For this I am sure that charity was never so faint amongst you, and virtuous and godly living was never less used, nor God himself among Christians was never less revered, honored or served. Therefore, as I said before, be in charity one with another, like brother and brother; love, dread, and serve God, to the which I, as your supreme head and sovereign lord, exhort and require you." (Life of Henry.)

To hear Henry "who never spared man in his wrath, nor woman in his lust," preach up virtue, naturally produces a blush of indignation! Though he pretends to inculcate peace and harmony amongst his subjects, yet he himself finds it difficult to continue long in quietness and happiness with his queens. While waiting at York, to have an interview with the King of Scotland, a matter occurred which very much disturbed his repose. This unpleasant business is exposed in the following portion of a letter from the lords of the council, to the English ambassador at Paris. "After our hearty commendations, by these our letters, we be commanded to signify unto you, a most miserable case, which came lately to revelation. . . . When the King's Majesty, upon the sentence given of the invalidity of the pretended matrimony, between his Highness and the lady Anne of Cleves, was earnestly and humbly solicited by his council, and nobles of this realm,

it pleased his Highness, upon a notable appearance of honor and maidenly behavior, to bend his affections towards Mistress Catherine Howard, daughter of the late Lord Edmund Howard; insomuch, as his Highness was finally contented to honor her with his marriage, thinking now in his old days, after sundry troubles of mind, which have happened to him by marriages, to have obtained such a jewel of womanhood, and very perfect love towards him, as should not only have been to his quietness, but also brought forth the desired fruit of marriage; and in respect of the virtue and good behavior which she showed outwardly, did her all honor accordingly. But this joy is turned into extreme sorrow; for when the King's Majesty, receiving his Maker, on All Hallow's Day last past, then gave him most hearty thanks for the good life he led and trusted to lead with her; . . . on All Soul's Day, being at Mass, the archbishop of Canterbury (Cranmer), having a little before heard, that the same Catherine Howard was not indeed a woman of that pureness that she was esteemed, for the discharge of his duty, opened the same most sorrowfully to his Majesty, and how it was brought to his knowledge." (Herbert, Life of Henry.)

HUME.—"The queen, being questioned, denied her guilt; but when informed that a full discovery was made, she confessed she had been criminal before marriage; and only insisted that she had never been false to the king's bed. Henry found that he could not by any means so fully or expeditiously satiate his vengeance (and his lust) as by assembling a Parliament, the usual instrument of his tyranny. The two houses having received the queen's confession, made an address to the king. They entreated him not to be vexed with this untoward accident, to which all men were subject; but to consider the frailty of



human nature, and the mutability of human affairs; and from these views to derive a subject of consolation. They desired leave to pass a bill of attainder against the queen and her accomplices; and they begged him to give his assent to this bill, not in person, which would renew his vexation, and might *endanger his health*, but by commissioners appointed for that purpose.” (Hist of England.)

This act received the royal consent by commission, the queen and lady Rochford were beheaded on Tower Hill, on the 12th of February, 1542.

HERBERT.—“The separation or divorce betwixt our king and lady Anne of Cleves, now standing uncontroverted, and queen Catherine beheaded, our king bethought himself of another match. In the concluding whereof, yet he found some difficulty (for all young women stood off, knowing in what a slippery estate they would be in by such an alliance), . . . . so that now he fixed upon the lady Catherine Parr, widow of Lord Latimer; who, as she was esteemed ever a lady of much integrity and worth, and some maturity of years, so the king after marriage lived apparently well with her *for the most part*.” (Life of Henry.)

COLLIER.—“A letter which Cranmer wrote to Henry, January 24th, 1545, shows, amongst other proofs, the disposition of too many people; what a scrambling there was now for the church estates, and how much the loaves of the reformation were valued above the doctrine. Cranmer, in a postscript acquaints the king, how the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury, were forced upon the alienation of their lands. That all this ravage was made under color of his Highness’s commands; but he was sure other men, and not his Majesty, had gotten their best lands.”

“In November, 1545, the king’s last Parliament sat. By an act of this Parliament, seventy manors were assured to the Crown, belonging to

the See of York. By this statute, it appears, Cranmer had conveyed about a dozen manors and parks to the Crown, which sales are now confirmed. Bonner, bishop of London, had likewise sold, given, and granted to the king, the manors of Chelmsford and Crauden, with the park of Crauden, with all their appurtenances. This manor and park of Crauden, the king had granted to Sir William Peters.” (E. Hist.)

HERBERT.—“This Parliament ended and notice given to both universities that the colleges were at the king’s disposal; that of Cambridge first implored his favor, beseeching him to defend their possessions from the covetous and greedy minds of those who knew not learning. That of Oxford also petitioned to this purpose; and Dr. Cox, Dean of Oxford, writ to Secretary Paget, to represent the lack of schools, preachers, houses of livings for orphans, and since the dispositions of charities, etc., were in the king’s hands, to obtain that the clergy might be provided for honesty, lest beggary should drive them to flattery, superstition, and old idolatry. Which saith he, I speak not, as if I mistrusted the king’s *goodness* (cautious man); but because there are such a number of importunate wolves, as are able to devour charities, cathedral churches, universities, and a thousand times as much; adding, in conclusion, that posterity will wonder at us. When peace was proclaimed in London, the 13th of June, 1546 (between Henry and the King of France), a procession was there made, and all of the richest silver crosses out of several parish churches carried, and the bravest copes worn, for the greater solemnity. But our historians note it as fatal, it being the last time they were publicly used, since our king called them shortly after, together with the church plate, into his treasury and *wardrobe*.”

COLLIER.—“About this time the king issued out a proclamation, to

forbid the use of Tindal's and Coverdale's translation of the New Testament. The books of Frith, Wickliffe, Joy, Baile, Barnes, etc., are likewise prohibited, and to be delivered to the civil and ecclesiastical officers, in order to be burnt. The reason of suppressing these books was, it is thought, to discourage that excess of satire and intemperate language, which was too common in the writings of these men." (Eccl. Hist.)

BURNET.—"The king was now overgrown with corpulency and fatness, so that he became more and more unwieldy. He could not go up and down stairs, but as he was raised up, or let down, by an engine. And an old sore in his leg became very uneasy to him; so that all the humors in his body sinking into his leg, he was much pained, and became exceedingly froward and untractable, to which his inexcusable severity to the Duke of Norfolk and his son (whom he put to death, and sentenced the father to die), may in great measure be imputed. His servants durst scarce speak to him, to put him in mind of his approaching end. And an act of Parliament, which was made for the security of the king's life, had some words in it against foretelling of his death, which made every one afraid to speak to him of it, lest he, in his angry and imperious humors, should have ordered them to be indicted upon that statute. He continued in a decay till the 27th of January, 1547; and then many signs of his approaching end appearing, few would venture on so unwelcome a thing as to put him in mind of his danger, then imminent. But Sir Anthony Denny had the honesty and courage to do it, and desired him to prepare for death, and remember his former life, and to call on God for mercy, through Jesus Christ. Upon which the king expressed his grief for the sins of his past life, yet, he said, he trusted in the mercies of Christ, which were greater than they were. Then Denny asked him if

any churchman should be sent for; and he said, *if any*, it should be Cranmer; and after he had rested a little, finding his spirits decay apace, he ordered him to be sent for to Croydon. But before he could come, the king was speechless. So Cranmer desired him to give some sign of his dying in the faith of Christ, upon which he squeezed his hand, and soon after died; after he had reigned thirty-seven years and nine months; in the fifty-sixth year of his age." (Hist. Ref.)

HUME.—"A catalogue of his vices would comprehend many of the worst qualities incident to human nature: violence, cruelty, profusion, rapacity, injustice, obstinacy, arrogance, bigotry, presumption and caprice." (Hist.)

BURNET.—"The vastness and irregularity of his expense procured many heavy exactions, and twice extorted a public discharge of his debts, embased the coin, with other irregularities."

SALMON.—"The beginning of his reign appears to have been spent in masks, shows, revelling, and most profuse and unbounded expense. As we advance further, we see innumerable acts of injustice and cruelty; his beheading his queens; his executing the Earl of Suffolk, the Duke of Bucks, the Countess of Salisbury, the Earl of Surry, Sir Thomas More, and old Bishop Fisher." "For testimonials in this kind (says Herbert) some urge two queens, one or two cardinals, dukes, marquises, earls, and earl's sons, twelve; barons and knights, eighteen; abbots, priors, monks, and priests, seventy-seven; of the more common sort, between one religion and another, huge multitudes." "And then, if we observe his unexampled rapine and sacrilege in destroying churches, monasteries, colleges, and hospitals, and seizing the revenues, plate, and ornaments to his own use, to that immense value, and at the same time turning out ten thousand of the religious to starve at once; his assuming all spirit-



ual authority that Christ had, and issuing commissions to bishops, to administer the sacraments, ordain and consecrate, and perform their whole spiritual function; I say, if we reflect on these things, *how can we look upon him as a glorious prince? How can we say he was a proper instrument to effect a Reformation?*" (Salmon, Mod. Hist.)

We have now seen that portion of the work which Henry VIII performed in the erection of the *church by law established*. In the first, he destroyed the Catholic Church in England; he suppressed in his realm the authority of the Bishop of Rome, who at this time was Clement VII, the two hundred and twentieth in succession from St. Peter, and the Vicar of Christ, and head of His Church on earth; he laid rapacious and sacrilegious hands upon the property of religion and charity; presumed to absolve religious persons from their vows made to God, and to trample upon everything sacred and venerable which was opposed to his depraved will and unbridled passions.

In the second place, he began the *new edifice* with an act of assumed supremacy, which gave to himself and his successors the supreme spiritual jurisdiction and authority in his dominions. All matters of faith were to be settled by him, and not by the bishops assembled in council. No bishops were to be consecrated without his special consent; and when consecrated, they were not allowed to exercise any ecclesiastical jurisdiction without first receiving it from him, "*the fountain-head of all spiritual authority on earth.*" In this manner did he lay the foundation of *his new church* so-called; and propped it up with many severe pains and penalties; made it high *treason* for any one to call in question his supremacy in the church by law established; and cemented the whole structure with every crime in the catalogue of iniquity.

We have heard the base motives which gave rise to this modern edifice, the bad passions of a wicked king; we have heard too the character of the founder and principal builder; and surely nothing is wanting to make it superlatively execrable, but that, perhaps, which he himself owned to his confessor: "*That he had never spared man in his rage, nor woman in his lust.*" (Higgon's Short View of Engl. Hist., p. 196.) Yet we are told by Dr. Burnet, in his preface to his History of the Reformation, that "if we consider the great things that were done by him, we must acknowledge that there was a signal providence of God, in raising up a king of his temper, for clearing the way to that blessed work which followed; and which could hardly have been done but by a man of his humor!" Are we not bound in the name of common sense to say, if the so-called reformation were a *blessed work*, a good man would not only have been able, but likewise the more suitable person, to begin, carry on, and complete it? And does not respect for the wisdom of God oblige us to believe, if it were truly a *blessed work*, that "signal providence" would have raised up an unblemished character for so important and excellent an undertaking? But if the pseudo reformation were in reality a bad work, then no good man could lend his assistance to it; then a man of Henry the Eighth's temper was necessary to be "*postilion in his waxed boots and oiled coat* (as Burnet says), *lashing his horses through thick and thin, and bespattering all about him.*" Let every one, from these premises, draw his own conclusions. But I cannot restrain this exclamation: There was a signal operation of Satan, in bringing out such a monster of iniquity, for clearing the way to that execrable work which followed, and which could hardly have been done, but by a man of his infernal humor.

## AN ANCIENT CHRISTMAS CHANT.

LAETABUNDUS EXULTET FIDELIS CHORUS.

*Original.*

LAETABUNDUS exultet  
Fidelis chorus.  
Alleluia!

Regem regum intactæ  
Profudit thorus,  
Res miranda!

Angelus consilii  
Natus est de virgine,  
Sol de stella.

Sol occasum nesciens,  
Stella semper rutilans,  
Semper clara.

Sicut sidus radium  
Profert virgo filium,  
Pari forma.

Neque sidus radio,  
Neque mater filio,  
Fit corrupta.

Cedrus alta Libani  
Conformatur hyssopo,  
Valle nostra.

Verbum ens altissimi,  
Corpori passum est,  
Carne sumpta.

Isaias cecinit,  
Synagoga meminit;  
Nunquam tamen desinet  
Esse cæca.

Si non suis vatibus  
Credat, vel Gentilibus,  
Sybellinis versibus,  
Haec prædicta.

Infelix propera,  
Credere vel vetera;  
Cur damnaberis,  
Gens misera.

Quem docet littera  
Vatum considera:  
Ipsum genuit puerpera.

*Translation.*

Now with Christmas joy abounding,  
Let the faithful chorus sounding,  
Hosannas sing!

Miracle astonishing!  
A spotless virgin forth doth bring  
Of kings the King!

Brings forth a maid immaculate,  
The Angel of the council great,  
A Star the Sun!

Sun that knoweth no declining,  
Star with fadeless beauty shining,  
E'er spotless one!

As the ray that penetrates  
Through the star its light dilates,  
This virgin bears.

Like star by cleaving beam untorn,  
This mother's purity unshorn  
New lustre wears.

The cedar proud of Lebanon  
Bendeth to the hyssop on  
Our lowly valley.

The Word made flesh comes from the sky,  
He, substance of the Lord most high,  
Hypostatically.

Though by Isaiah's strains foretold,  
The synagogue doth yet withhold  
Its believing sight.

If Israel's singers sing in vain,  
And Gentile poets waste their strain,  
Lends not the sibylline refrain  
Prophetic light?

Oh, Jewry's blinded nation! why  
Dost thus the prophecies deny?  
Arise, and believe! nor yet defy  
Thy fate forlorn.

He whom the Scriptures have described,  
And myth and legend typified,  
TO-DAY IS BORN!

CHARLES H. A. ESLING.

Christmas, 1874.

NOTE.—The original of the above is an ancient prose inserted in some places in the third Mass for Christmas Day. It has been taken from an old missal of the Paris rite. The happy facility with which the old ecclesiastical poets combined the most intricate theology with exquisite poetry, couched in the tersest yet most forcible and graceful language, is seldom exemplified to better advantage than in these beautiful stanzas. The closing appeal to the Jews to recognize our divine Lord as the expected Messiah, is as touchingly appropriate now as in the centuries past when it was penned. It has been the custom of the translator, for several years past, to give, in English verse, at each successive Christmas, one of the quaint old carols of the Catholic Church; and the favor with which they have been received has encouraged him to continued efforts in the same line. In the above stanzas, as on former occasions, he has endeavored to make the translation as literal as a florid style of vernacular would permit; while the metrical peculiarities of the original have also been closely followed.



## OLD NEW YEAR'S CUSTOMS.

THE other day, in company with a friend, we called into a stationery establishment for the purpose of procuring one of those essentials to a person whose profession requires him to have both eyes open, and to jot down the results of his hourly experience,—a diary. While thus engaged in selecting one to our liking, our friend remarked: "Look here, what a splendid subject for an article!" and he handed us a collection of New Year's cards, of every conceivable style, and as many ideas suggested as there were cards presented us. We remarked to our friend that these, without the illustration to give point to our reflections, would amount to little. He wished though that we should write something on the New Year, and as a compromise, we agreed upon the subject whose title heads this article, OLD NEW YEAR'S CUSTOMS.

Times were not always as they are at present. A day there was when the New Year was ushered in with far different ceremonies, and when the first occurrences of the January morning were heeded with as much accuracy as could have been devoted by an olden sage to the entrails of the bird, in whose vitals he was reading the fate of king or senator. It will be amusing to look back and hunt up for our own diversion, as well as for that of the RECORD readers, what people did do about New Year's day in olden time, and then comparing their conduct with our own, we shall learn on the one hand what advances we have made in the fashionable way of introducing the new cycle of time, and at the same time we shall also see how many simple but attractive reminiscences have been cast aside without cause by our latter-day civilization. And to begin with, let us recall the olden custom which persons had of reading in the Bible some

verses before noon of New Year's day, and from this divining their good or bad fortune. It is related of one old lady that she assured a friend she had on the previous 1st of January looked into her Bible and opened on Job. "Sure enough," said she, "I have had nought but trouble ever since." An old work in our possession, and which we prize most highly, asserts that "the character of the coming year, with regard to good or bad fortune, is foretold by the appearance of things on the morning of the New Year. A trivial mishap, a slightest instance of good luck, has now more than its usual significance, inasmuch as it predicts, in a general way, the course of events through the ensuing twelve months."

Of course, we do not value this old volume because of such information as the above, but it is a curiosity, and as such is coveted by more than one book-worm. Another rare old volume in our possession substantiates the above rather curious piece of superstition, by an allusion to a class of people, among whom we count several of our best friends. We allude to the red-haired gentry. Among the simple folk of earlier days, the great object of all was "that the first person who entered the house on the morning of Christmas day, or that of New Year's day, should have black or dark hair."

In those days no deception could be practiced by means of Hall's hair restorer or Ayer's dye. People had to come in their true colors. But we are forgetting our red-haired friends. The work under notice proceeds to state: "Many make arrangement, by special invitation, that some man or boy of dark hair, and otherwise approved, should present himself at an early hour to wish the compliments of the season, and the door is not opened to let any one

else in until the arrival of the favored person." Those who sought good luck in this way were willing to pay something for it also, as the same authority tells us that the dark-haired people "were regaled with spice-cake and cheese, and with ale or spirits, as the case might be. All the ill-luck, that is, the untoward circumstances of the year, would be ascribed to the accident of entering a dwelling in the mornings referred to, by a person of light hair."

Such persons, upon presenting themselves to wish the compliments of the season before their dark-haired neighbors, have been received with anything but gracious welcome. "The great object of dread was a red-haired man or boy." The rule was inexorable without regard to sex, being even more stringent upon the ladies, those having light colored hair being positively refused admission.

According to folk-lore, the year we just closed should have had a severe winter, and according to the same authority we need not expect hard times "the present twelve-month." Some consolation, if true, our readers will say. But we must give one specimen of the curious prognostications: "The year commencing on Thursday produces a long winter, with cold, dry winds, yet healthy." On the contrary, in this case, we are threatened with a summer in which "contentions will be very prevalent, and in which small-pox will be rife." A simple reference to the past year's experience will demonstrate the fallible character of the above suppositions.

One might imagine these quotations as exceptions; yet the fact is, that old books abound with instances that go to prove the generality of these superstitions. Here is one that will repay perusal: "A farmer in the north of England, having occasion to visit a town at some distance on the last day of the year, was benighted, and did not reach home

till two o'clock in the morning of New Year's day. Having succeeded in arousing his sleeping household, his eldest daughter put her head out of the window and inquired who was there. 'It's me,' said her father. 'Well, then,' quoth she, 'you mon go back to where you came from; I'm none going to let you in to-day!'" And the unfortunate man had actually to return until somebody blacker than himself had brought in the New Year.

A custom which has not yet died out, but which in barbarity, we think, is equal to any that have preceded it, is that of furiously discharging firearms on the eve of new year, as also on national holidays. The custom is almost discontinued on the former occasion, though as late as 1853, it was common in Philadelphia, but the custom is perpetuated now on the fourth of July and the twenty-second of February celebrations.

In South Wales, according to a writer in *Notes and Queries*, the children went about the streets on New Year's morning, carrying a pitcher filled with water, newly drawn from a well, and singing a song beginning thus:

"Here we bring new water,  
From the well so clear,  
For to worship God with  
This happy New Year."

In other countries the custom prevails, that a band of musicians assemble, and perform some religious music during the waning hours of the old year, and as the clock strikes twelve, the musicians play loyal airs, and a long string of citizens march three times around some favorite spot, after which the younger folks dance to the livelier tunes that follow.

This is pretty much like the Mexican custom, of going about at Christmas and New Year's time, singing popular airs, and expecting a generous reception from those whom they favor by their serenades. To the average American reader, though, the sound partakes too much of the



nasal twang to be acceptable, and to the educated musician or amateur, the discords are insufferable.

The free-lovers might, by hunting up old MSS., find new arguments in favor of their peculiar opinions. Among others might be mentioned the Scottish toleration of promiscuous "hugging," allowed when parties met to see the old year off. This was tolerated only while the clock struck twelve, and ceased when the clock-strokes were hushed.

It would not be considered very charitable were we to refuse a favor because it was asked on New Year's day. Were we to do so, however, we would have very ancient authority for our conduct. Among the Eastern people, it was considered necessary "not to lend anything upon the first day of the new year, lest we should be unlucky for the whole of that year."

This list of New Year's customs might be indefinitely enlarged, but the foregoing will suffice to show that we have not all the fun to ourselves at the present day. We do not know that it would be an improvement to go back to these old-time customs. The generality of men most probably prefer modern drinks to the famous Scottish mixtures that were partaken of in earlier days, and the excellent dinners and modernized custom of visiting and card leaving are fair exchanges for the more hilarious sports of our ancestors.

For the following interesting items the writer of this hurried sketch is indebted to an article on "New Year's Day," which appeared many years ago in an English magazine.

Under the kings of France of the first race the year began on the 1st of March; under those of the second, on Christmas-day; whilst under the third, it dated from Easter. It is the general opinion among authors that the 1st of January was not fixed upon for the commencement of the year until the sixteenth cen-

tury, under Charles IX. This is a grave error, which it is important to correct.

In the fourteenth century the new year already dated from the 1st of January. This may be ascertained from the dedication placed at the opening of the *Memoirs of Christine de Pisan*, who wrote at the end of that century: "To the said much-revered prince, my Lord of Burgundy, on my part a new-year's gift, presented the first day of January, which we call new-year's day."

To this important fact we will add two extracts from the accounts or bills at the hotel of King Charles VI, kept from the 1st of October, 1380, to the 1st of July, 1381:

"Raoullet le Gay, for offerings made by the King, at High Mass at the Sainte-Chapelle of the Palace, the first day of the year; sent to him by the said Raoullet, Tuesday, *the first day of January*, to the King at the Palace, money, 4s. 4d. p."

"Jehannin Bricon, intendant of the chapel, Mons. de Valois, for offerings of the said lord made at High Mass, on the first day of the year, to the canons of the Bois de Vincennes; sent to him by the said Bricon, Wednesday, the second day of January."

These dates were, doubtless, not generally established; and it is not to be denied that Charles IX was the first who conceived the idea of publishing an edict decreeing that from henceforth the year should begin on the 1st of January. This decree, which was issued from the castle of Roussillon, in Dauphiny, the 15th of August, 1564, and registered at the Parliament the 19th of December, only came into force throughout France in 1567.

Fifteen years later a more important modification was made in the calendar. This was the Gregorian reform that corrected the Julian year, which, being rather longer than the real year, had ended by losing ten days; so that in 1582 the

spring equinox, instead of happening on the 20th of March, fell really on the 10th of that month. To equalize the time better, three leap years were omitted in four centuries. It was also decided, in order to bring back the equinox to the 20th of March, that ten days should be taken from the current year, and that the 5th of October should be the 15th. This reform was not adopted by Russia and Greece, and was only accepted in England in 1752.

Macrobius, who has written eight books on the Roman calends—the *Saturnalia*, the *Opalia*, the *Sigillaria*, etc.—says that these solemnities commenced about the middle of December, *Saturnalia XIV Kalendarum solita celebrari*; a date corresponding to the 19th of that month. Each of these festivals had its especial characteristics. Thus the *Opalia* were consecrated to the earth; and to the *Sigillaria* were presented statuettes and medals. There was also the festival of the winter solstice, *les étrennes*, etc.

The custom of *étrennes* was adopted by the Gauls, with all the greater facility that the 1st of January was with them a religious festival. The high priest of the Druids cut on that day the sacred mistletoe with a golden sickle. It was this custom, no doubt, that gave to the new-year's gifts the names of *guillenheus*, *haguilenne*, *aguilaneuf*, or *au gui l'an neuf*, which are still to be found in ballads sung in the Gaulic provinces.

Before the reign of Charles IX, although the year only began at Easter, new-year's gifts were given on the 1st of January. We find a proof of this in an item in the catalogue of the library of the Duc de Berry. It is as follows: "A large book of *Valerius Flaccus*, illuminated, furnished with four silver clasps, enamelled with the arms of his lordship, which Jean Couran sent him as a new-year's gift the first day of January, 1401."

The Saxon laws gave the month of January the name of *Wolfmonth*, because at this period of the year famished wolves entered the towns and attacked children, and even men. At a later time, the Britons or Druids gave presents on new-year's day of figs and dates enveloped in gilded leaves. Henry III and Edward IV obliged their subjects to make them presents of great value on the new year. In the reign of Henry VIII, Bishop Latimer gave the king, instead of the usual present of a purse of gold, a copy of the New Testament, with a leaf turned down at chapter 13 of the Epistle to the Hebrews, verse 4: "Marriage is honorable for all; but God will judge the adulterer."

Queen Elizabeth always demanded rich presents from her nobles and courtiers. Oranges stuck with cloves and other spices were given; and the ladies of the fifteenth century were well pleased to receive pins, for at that time they had only wooden hooks with which to fasten their dresses. They sometimes accepted money instead of pins, from which originated *pin-money*—an annual sum husbands are in the habit of giving their wives for their private expenses.

At another period it was usual to give gloves on new-year's day. A lady gave a pair of gloves with forty pieces of gold in the lining to Sir Thomas More, who had decided a lawsuit in her favor. Sir Thomas wrote a letter of thanks to the lady, in which he said, "It would be contrary to good manners to refuse the new-year's gift of a lady, but be pleased to present the lining elsewhere."

In the United States, on new-year's day, no ladies are to be seen in the streets. In France ladies content themselves with sending about innumerable cards; while in America they are more polite, and stay at home to receive visits from eight o'clock in the morning until mid-

night, and sometimes even later. The ladies of each household remain in the drawing-room in full evening dress; the younger ones by their side, also in ball costume. A side-board elegantly laid out, and amply furnished with cold fowl, ham, pâtés, fruit-tarts, and cakes of every description, is placed at the disposal of the visitors, with choice wines and liqueurs. It is the understood custom not to refuse the invitation of the mistress of the house to partake of some refreshment, were it only a glass of madeira and a biscuit. The single glasses of madeira, however, continuing to be taken throughout the day, form a very considerable total, often visible in the flushed faces of the most respectable gentlemen. But "these ladies are so fascinating," says the lively Oscar Cornettant, who has mixed for three years in the best society of the New World, "that it is impossible to refuse them anything."

The new year is one of the principal festivals of the Jews; but it would be no easy matter to give a clear idea of it, so complicated are their ceremonies. It is not without reason that one of their rabbis has said, "Were the entire sky parchment, the seas ink, the trees pens, I

could not describe all the customs and usages of the Jews."

In China, says the *Journal pour Tous*, the return of the year is celebrated by festivities. The first month is named *Yat-Youit*.\* At its approach both rich and poor lay aside all business, and give themselves up to visiting the temples and theatres, and to feasting. On new-year's eve all pending business must be settled to the satisfaction of the parties concerned. The authority of the mandarins is suspended; and it may easily be supposed that at the settlement of accounts serious disorders almost always ensue.

The Persians have also, under the name of *Nourouz*, their festival of the new year. This ceremony—founded by Djemschid, who regulated the solar year in Persia—takes place when the sun enters the sign of the Ram, that is to say, in the month of March. It is celebrated with much pomp and enthusiasm. This reciprocal exchange of gifts in Persia extends to every class of society. People greet one another with an offering in their hand, saying, "*Ayd-morback*"—an expression equivalent to our wishes for "a Happy New Year."

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## THE CHURCH OF THE CUP OF WATER.

It was on the sultry evening of a Spanish summer day, in the year 1815, that the aged parish priest, or *cura*, of San Pedro, a village a few leagues from Seville, returned tired out with his day's work to his humble home, where the Senora Margarita, his worthy old housekeeper, awaited his arrival.

Poverty is the rule among Spaniards; but the bareness of the good priest's lodging was the more strik-

ing because some few costly ornaments, offerings of piety, made the nakedness of the walls and the poor-ness of the furniture more conspicuous. Dona Margarita had just prepared for her master's supper, an unpretending dish enough, an *olla podrida*, a mysterious compound, in which, to tell the truth, in spite of sauce and the imposing name of *ra-*

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\* This month corresponds with the middle of our February.



*gout*, there was nothing more than the remains of the morning's dinner seasoned and disguised with all the skill at the worthy dame's command. The *cura* inhaled the savory odor and said:

"You have concocted an *olla podrida* to make one's mouth water, Margarita. Why, comrade, you ought to think yourself very lucky to have found such a good supper at your host's abode."

At the word "host" Margarita raised her eyes, and saw a stranger, whom the priest had brought in with him. The housekeeper's face clouded over with an expression of annoyance. She cast an angry glance first at the visitor and then at her master, who looked down and said in a low voice with the timidity of a child who dreads his father's reproof:

"Pshaw! If there is enough for two there will be for three. You would not wish that I should leave a Christian man, who has not touched food for two days, to die of hunger?"

"Holy Virgin! He a Christian? rather say a brigand!" and she went out muttering to herself.

The *cura's* guest during this not particularly benevolent display, had remained motionless, standing without on the threshold. He was a man of tall stature, clad half in rags, his dress stained with mud; his black hair, glittering eyes, and the carbine hung from his shoulder, could, in truth, only inspire suspicion and but little interest.

"Must I go?" said he.

The priest replied by an emphatic gesture: "Never shall he who asks me for shelter be driven away or coldly received. Put down your carbine, let us ask a blessing, and sit down to table."

"I never quit my carbine. As the Castilian proverb says, 'Two friends are one;' my carbine is my best friend, and I will keep it close to me, for though you open your house to me, and will let me go courteously how and when I wish,

there are others who might wish to make me go in spite of myself, and perhaps head foremost."

"Now, my friend," was the reply of the ecclesiastic, "here is to your health! let us eat."

The pastor of San Pedro quickly finished his repast, and remained lost in astonishment at the voracity of the stranger, who not content with devouring almost the whole dish of *olla podrida* finished up everything that remained upon the table, leaving nothing of a huge slice of bread. The *cura* watched him with curiosity, as he cast anxious glances around him, starting at the least sound, and grasping his carbine if the evening breeze did but stir the leaves clustering round the window. His meal thus ended, in haste, and with trepidation, the mysterious stranger, turning toward the priest, said:

"You must put the finishing touch on your hospitality. I am wounded in the thigh, and it is eight days since the wound was dressed; give me some old rags, and I will cease to trouble you with my presence."

"You do not trouble me at all," replied the priest, whom his guest, although always on the *qui-vive*, had found means to divert by his cheerful talk. "I am something of a surgeon, and you shall not have to undergo the clumsiness of the village barber, nor have to put up with scanty and unsuitable bandages. You shall see."

So saying he took from an old-fashioned press a surgical case to which nothing was wanting to make it complete. The wound was deep, a ball had traversed the thigh of the unhappy man, and nothing but a superhuman effort could have enabled him to walk.

"You cannot resume your journey to-day," said the priest, whilst probing the wound, with the satisfaction of a professor of the art. "Sleep here, night will repair your strength, will diminish the inflammation, and make the swelling less."

"No, I must depart to-day, and

this very hour," interrupted the stranger roughly. "There are those who await me," he added with a sorrowful sigh, "and those who pursue me. Now, have you finished your dressing. Good! I am quite at my ease, and as comfortable as if I had no wound at all. Give me a piece of bread, and pay yourself for your hospitality with this piece of gold. I am going."

The ecclesiastic repulsed the coin with disdain. "I am not an inn-keeper and I do not sell hospitality."

"As you will, and forgive me. Farewell, my host."

So saying, the unknown took the bread which Margarita had brought at the order of her master, and soon his tall form was seen disappearing through the foliage of the trees which surrounded the house or rather the hut of the village priest. An hour after, sharp reports of musketry were heard and in a few moments the stranger reappeared stained with blood and wounded in the chest.

"Take this," he said to the *cura*, presenting him with several pieces of gold, "my children—in the ravine—by the stream—"

And he fell while gasping out these broken words.

A moment later, some Spanish soldiers, who had shot the luckless fugitive, entered, carbine in hand. The wounded man made no resistance. The soldiers bound him tightly, after which they allowed the priest to dress his wound. The latter represented to them the danger there was in moving a man so grievously wounded, but in vain, and all his arguments did not prevent their placing their prisoner in a cart.

"Bah!" said they, "whether he dies by this or the rope, his fate is equally certain. It is the famous brigand José Ribeira."

José thanked the *cura* by a slight inclination of the head, then he asked for a glass of water, and as the priest bent over him to approach the cup

to his lips: "You know," he said in a suppressed whisper.

The priest replied by a look of intelligence. A few brief words of religious consolation and warning followed from the good pastor, and the vehicle drove slowly away.

As soon as the soldiers had departed, the old *cura*, in spite of the remonstrances of Margarita, who represented the danger and uselessness of going out at that time of night, traversed part of the wood, directed his steps towards the ravine, and found there the corpse of a woman, killed probably by a spent ball from the guns of the soldiers, and with her an infant, still clasped by her rigid hand, to her breast, and a little boy of four years old, who was pulling at his mother's arm to awaken her, thinking that she was asleep.

Margarita's astonishment can be imagined when she beheld her master return, with these two little nurslings.

"Blessed Saints of Paradise! what shall you do with them, senor? We have scarcely enough to live upon ourselves, and you bring back two children. I shall have to go and beg from door to door, for us and them. And whose children are they? The sons of a vagabond, a gipsy, a brigand! I am sure they are not even baptized!"

At that moment the infant began to wail.

"And how are we going to nourish this child, for we have no means of paying a nurse? It must be fed by hand, and you don't know what sleepless nights that will give me; but you, you will not sleep less at your ease. Holy Virgin! why it can't be more than six months old! . . . Luckily I have a little milk here; it only wants warming."

And forgetting her discontent, she took the child from the priest, fondled and kissed it, and, kneeling down on the hearth with the babe on her arm, she stirred up the cinders, and warmed a pan of milk. As soon

as it was fed and hushed off to sleep, the other child had its turn.

Whilst Margarita gave it some supper, undressed it and prepared for it a sort of temporary bed, with a cloak, the worthy ecclesiastic related to the housekeeper where and how he had found the children, and in what manner they had been bequeathed to him.

"That is very nice and very good," replied Margarita, "but the question is how we are to find means to keep them as well as ourselves."

The priest opened the Gospel and read in a clear voice, "Whosoever shall give to drink to one of these little ones a cup of cold water, only in the name of a disciple, amen I say to you he shall not lose his reward."

"*Amen!*" responded the Senora Margarita.

Next day the priest caused the corpse, found near the ravine, to be buried, and recited for her the prayers for the dead.

About twelve years later the parish priest of San Pedro, who was not less than seventy years of age, was warming himself in the sun before the door of his dwelling. It was winter, and the first time for two days that the king of stars had penetrated the clouds. By the side of the aged priest, a boy of twelve or thirteen years was reading aloud his daily lesson, and casting from time to time a glance of envy at a youth of seventeen, tall, robust, and vigorous, who was working diligently at the cultivation of a small garden attached to the humble presbytery. Margarita, now arrived at her eightieth year, and who was almost blind, sat and listened.

At this moment, the noise of carriage-wheels was heard, and a cry of delight escaped from the child: "Oh! what a fine carriage!"

A splendid equipage, coming from Seville, stopped at the same time before the house. A servant in rich

livery approached the old man, and requested a glass of cold water for his master.

"Carlos," said the priest to the little boy, "fetch a glass of water for this gentleman, bring with it also some wine if he will condescend to accept it; go quickly!"

The occupant of the carriage, a man of about fifty years of age, alighted, and addressing himself to the venerable ecclesiastic said: "I request your forgiveness for my intrusion." And without pausing for a reply, added, "Are those children your nephews?"

"Better," replied the aged man; "they are my children; my adopted children, that is to say."

"How so?"

"I will tell you, since a noble senior like yourself desires to hear their story; added to which, poor, old, and inexperienced as I am, I have need of good advice, to know how to provide for their future."

He then related the children's history, with which the reader is already acquainted.

"What do you advise me to do?" he asked, having finished his recital.

"As ensigns in the king's guards a pension of four hundred ducats would be necessary to each to enable him suitably to maintain his position."

"I asked counsel of you, and not pleasantry, senior," said the priest, with dignity.

"Then your church must be rebuilt," continued the stranger, without noticing the interruption; "and adjoining it we must raise a comfortable presbytery, and rail in a snug little garden. See, I have the plan of it in my pocket! If you do not object, the church shall be called when it is built, 'The Church of the Cup of Water.'"

"What does this mean? What are you saying? What vague memories crowd on my mind?—those features—that voice."

"It means," replied the stranger,



"that I am José de Ribeira, and that I was, twelve years since, the brigand José. I escaped from prison, reformed my life, and from a chief of brigands am become the leader of a party in the state. Only within a few days have I returned to Madrid, having been summoned to assume an official post under government, in connection with that which I have been holding abroad. Hitherto it has been deemed more prudent for me to dwell at a distance from the scene of my former life; but now all necessity for precaution is past, and I am free to hasten hither, and fulfil one of the dreams of my life—to come and thank my benefactor. You were my host, and you have acted as father to my children, let them come and embrace me; let them come!" he added, extending his arms to the two young people, who hastened towards him.

When he had embraced them fer-

vently several times, with unrepressed tears and sobs, he extended his hand to the aged priest. "Well! my father, will you not permit me to make the offering of the 'Church of the Cup of Water?'"

The *cura*, turning to Margarita, said in a voice tremulous with emotion: "Whosoever shalt give to drink to one of these little ones a cup of cold water, only in the name of a disciple, amen I say to you he shall not lose his reward."

"Amen!" ejaculated the old woman, who wept with joy at the happiness of her master, and of the children of her adoption, and wept again immediately after with sorrow at the prospect of losing the latter.

A year afterwards Don José de Ribeira and his two sons assisted at the blessing of the Church of "San Pedro of the Cup of Water;" one of the prettiest churches in the neighborhood of Seville.

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## HOW THE ESQUIMAUX LIVE.

ONE of the most remarkable illustrations of our subject, and pleasing evidence of the wisdom of the Creator's provision for man, in all seasons and climes, is exhibited in the condition of the Esquimaux. The great necessities of that remote people may be considered under several heads of food, clothing, dwellings, fire, and light. The daily food of the Esquimaux, as well may be supposed, is not directly derived from the soil. The land, perhaps, in itself sterile, and, at all events, incapable, from the severity of the climate, of yielding a remunerating return for its cultivation, is undisturbed by the hand, in all its original barrenness. Its spontaneous productions are few and of small value. When the snow melts from the surface of the earth, it is found

clothed with a stunted herbage, consisting chiefly of short, coarse grass, affording a sufficient meal to the tribes of animals which, during the winter months, had migrated to less terrible countries, but offering little to satisfy the cravings of the human appetite, and still less to invite to the indulgence of a luxurious taste. A few of the vegetable productions, indeed, are occasionally employed by the natives; but they are neither depended on as necessities of life, nor cultivated for domestic purposes. Under these circumstances, this hardy people are driven to the resources afforded by the animal productions with which, happily, their country abounds. Of these we may mention several of the more remarkable. The smaller species of reindeer which, in summer, are found in

considerable numbers over the most northerly districts of America, and even among the islands of the Arctic Ocean, which they reach in spring by crossing the yet unbroken ice, offer them a delicious banquet. These animals are tracked through the snow with that zeal and perseverance which generally characterize the hunting excursions of a barbarous people, and, notwithstanding their proverbial fleetness, fall victims in great numbers to the sure aim of the Esquimaux archers. The musk-ox is one of those animals peculiar to a very cold and inhospitable latitude, and though, being sometimes of a savage temper, he needs to be approached with caution, is constantly pursued, as affording a principal article of food to the inhabitants of these regions. At certain seasons, indeed, the flesh of this animal possesses a very strong and unpleasant flavor of that odorous production from which its name has been derived; but, in general, it is highly palatable, and has often been eaten with relish by Americans, who describe it as very similar in taste to beef. To these may be added the hare, the wolf, and the fox; the two last of which are caught in ingenious traps, baited with fish, or any sort of animal garbage, and are readily attracted to the neighborhood of the snare by setting fire to a little rancid oil or refuse fat. The flesh of the fox is not only much esteemed by the Esquimaux, but even by our own voyagers, who, when fresh provisions were scarce, have often partaken of it with relish. In addition to these quadrupeds, it need hardly be remarked that the Esquimaux are furnished, by the hand of their bountiful Creator, with an immense and most valuable supply of fish. The enormous whale, and the delicious salmon, the walrus, and the seal, are all made tributary to their daily necessities. They have exerted their ingenuity in the preparation of the staves, the spears, and the other in-

struments employed in their capture; and these, though far indeed from the perfection exhibited in the tackle of an American, manifest a greater share of the inventive faculties than we could easily have believed belong to so rude and ungainly a people.

It is generally admitted by physiologists that the activity of the human body in the generation of internal heat, though dependent, in a great degree, on the original constitution, is powerfully affected by the quality as well as the quantity of the food consumed. It would, moreover, appear that to excite the heating powers of the living principle in man, there is nothing found by experience so valuable as an oily diet. Any one can tell how much, on exposure to the cold of a winter day in our own climate, hunger increases the chilly sensations of the body, and how much comfort a sufficiency of animal food is calculated to afford. A meagre diet is adapted only to the heat of a warm season; suiting well the relaxed state of the body under an equinoctial sun, or the parching heats of summer, but affording no defence against the effects of a severe frost. It is providential then, that, in those very regions where the internal heat of the body needs most to be excited, an inexhaustible supply exists of the very description of food best suited to the purpose; and that, where the warmth of a summer sun never summons from the chilled and benumbed earth a vegetable provision for the calls of the human appetite, there should be found—what is far better—the oils and fat with which the Arctic province of the animal kingdom so peculiarly abounds; and that with this abundance there should also coexist a relish, on the part of the inhabitants, for substances the mere odor of which, in the chamber where they are to be partaken of, is sufficient to expel with disgust a native of this country, or, if he cannot make his escape very speedily, to af-

fect him with nausea or fainting. The incredible quantity of this description of food, often rancid as it is, which an Esquimaux is capable of devouring at a meal is truly astonishing. Twenty pounds of salmon, for instance, is no uncommon quantity to be devoured by an individual at a single meal.

The clothing of the Arctic tribes is almost entirely composed of furs. Providence, which has kindly adapted the coats of the lower animals whose lot has been cast in these regions to the rigors of their climate, has thus, at the same time, brought within the reach of man the means of a warm exterior defence from the cold to which he is exposed. Neither the flannels of more civilized countries, nor the skins of more southern climates, are at all to be compared to the valuable clothing with which, by the same exertion and ingenuity which are requisite to procure their food, they are furnished among the hills and islands of their icy home. The long hair, which gives to the white bear and musk-ox their shaggy aspect; the rough coat of the reindeer, the hare, and the fox, cover a close, warm, downy, inner garment of fur, rendered thicker by the first severe onset of winter, which effectually preserves the animal, for which it was originally provided, from the intensity of the northern storms, and when snatched from the first owner by the lord of the lower world, affords to him a similar protection. Clothed in a double garment of deer-skin, encircling the body, and reaching in front from the chin to the middle of the thigh, and behind to the calf of the leg, with sleeves so long as to cover the points of the fingers, with the hair of the inner garment, as a warm exciting covering, next to the body, and that of the outer one, from its roughness unfavorable to the radiation of heat, in the reverse direction; his limbs protected by two pairs of boots, and, above these, trousers of

the skin of the seal or of the deer,—an Esquimaux can face, without danger or inconvenience, a degree of cold to which we, in this temperate zone, are not only strangers, but of which we can hardly form a conception. Nor are we to imagine that the piercing climate, which has imposed the necessity for such defences, has had any effect in souring the dispositions or lessening the enjoyment of this singular race. On the contrary, they have generally been found remarkable for their good humor and easy temper. Their very dresses, frequently ornamented with fringes of leather or tassels of bone, bear testimony that the hardships of their lot have neither cramped their taste nor stifled their natural love of ornament. With an air of freedom and of personal comfort that can hardly be believed, while he enjoys the protection just described, the hardy native courageously braves an intensity of frost sufficient to congeal mercury. He proceeds on his journey, or pursues his prey, with a hilarity and keenness sufficient to testify that the Supreme Ruler, who ordained his lot among the horrors of his icy abode, has also afforded him the amplest means of defence and enjoyment.

In all climates, especially in the extreme North, it is a matter of indispensable importance to the inhabitants, to provide for themselves shelter from the inclemency of the weather. The lengthened journeys which these tribes are compelled by their necessities to undertake, the frequency of their removals, and the obliterating effects of falling snow, all tend to render it at once inconvenient and useless for them, even were it practicable, to erect permanent dwelling-places. Had they wood, stone, and mortar at command, these materials would be to them of little avail. The villages of to-day, deserted to-morrow, and next day buried many feet beneath the snowy covering, which envelops for so large a proportion of the year



the surface of their country, would ere their return be altogether useless, even if they were sure, at the end of several months, to find the spot on which they stood. But we need not say that such appliances as these are not within their reach. The wreck left by the southern wave when it washes their shores, may sometimes, indeed, provide them with a tree, a mast, or a spar; but these materials are too eagerly coveted, and too valuable, for constructing the smaller articles required by them, to leave any sufficient proportion for such purposes as building; while of the architectural purposes of stone and lime, they seem to be altogether ignorant. But for all these wants they are furnished by the protecting Providence of God, with a most ample and highly appropriate substitute, however strange it may appear to the inhabitants of temperate regions. The snow which covers the soil for by far the greater proportion of the year, offers them the refuge which their necessities require. Migrating as they do, from time to time, in search of food, at the close of each day's journey, they erect their temporary dwellings at little expense, either of materials or workmanship, and when they reach the station which they propose to occupy for a few months, even then their mode of building is of the simplest sort. It is thus described by Sir John Ross: "Having ascertained by the rod used in examining seal-holes whether the snow is sufficiently deep and solid, they level the intended spot by a wooden shovel, leaving beneath a solid mass of snow not less than three feet thick. Commencing then in the centre of the intended circle, which is ten feet or more in diameter, different wedge-shaped blocks are cut out, about two feet long, and a foot thick at the outer part; then trimming them accurately by the knife, they proceed upward, until the courses, gradually inclining inwards, terminate in a

perfect dome. The door, being cut out from the inside before it is quite closed, serves to supply the upper materials. In the meantime the women are employed in stuffing the joints with snow, and the boys in constructing kennels for the dogs." In the interior, the only furniture that is to be seen, consists of a sofa of snow, occupying nearly a third of the breadth of the area, about two feet and a half high, level at the top, and covered with various skins, forming the general bed or sleeping-place. The hut is lighted by a window of ice, nicely inserted in the building, and secured by frozen snow, and the entrance is by a passage, long, narrow, and crooked, the outer aperture of which is planned, and from time to time altered, so as to secure the inmates from the prevailing winds of the season. The stores are laid up in smaller huts, constructed to receive them; and they, and the kennels for the dogs, which invariably accompany the tribes, are formed of the same material. It will naturally be conjectured that such dwellings as have been described must be extremely cold, and liable on any accession of artificial heat to be rendered altogether uninhabitable, by the perpetual distillation of water from the icy walls. But there are several considerations which must be taken into account, to enable us to judge of the suitability of these habitations for the hardy race who occupy them.

It must be noticed in the first place, as a most important provision for their comfort, that snow is a very imperfect conductor of heat. The severe cold of the external air, therefore, makes but a small impression on the temperature of a chamber situate beneath a snow wall of considerable thickness. Then, from its extreme whiteness, it is, comparatively speaking, little liable to be dissolved by the heat of a lamp or fire, being much more ready to reflect caloric than to absorb it. These facts, however, striking as they are,

it is clear, could not prevent the most annoying effects, were a strong heat constantly kept up within their circumscribed apartments. But here we find another important provision. The bodily frame, in all latitudes, speedily becomes inured, by habit, to the climate to which it is exposed, and the standard of temperature requisite for comfort accordingly rises or falls, according as we live nearer the equator or the poles. While the African shivers under the summer warmth of the temperate zone, a degree of heat scarcely sufficient to raise the mercury to the freezing-point affords to the patient Esquimaux, in his snowy hut, quite enough of warmth to make him comfortable; and, even if the temperature should at times be raised so high as to promote a rapid distillation from the walls, his ideas of luxury do not render this a very serious inconvenience. When we remember that it is not luxury which these rude tribes value, but simply shelter, we shall be less surprised with their contentment, especially when we learn that their clothing affords them sufficient security against the wetting influence even of melted snow. They experience quite as much comfort as they desire, in finding themselves, during sleep, snug in their bags of fur, though the spot on which they lie be neither very dry nor very soft; for this defence, provided for them by the care of their Divine Preserver, answers to them all the ends for which it is needed.

In a region such as this, of frost and snow, of storm and tempest, it will easily be believed that the inhabitants are very dependent on fire as a means of sustaining life; and the question will at once suggest itself, whence can they derive fuel? Coals are unknown to them; and wood, as we have seen, is much too valuable to be used for such a purpose. But they are not left destitute. Their little chambers are illuminated, during the whole course of their lengthened

winter, by the cheerful, warm, and useful blaze of the lamp, which is replenished by oil from the seals yearly destroyed, in immense multitudes, by the native hunters. We have seen how valuable to the natives of these Arctic regions is the oily nature of their diet. Here we find that Providence had another end in view, in affording to the inhabitants of these countries so large a supply of fat and oil as that which is obtained from the several cetaceous tribes which frequent their stormy seas. Nor is this an endless essential to the preservation of human life. There, where no other fuel could be had, and where, without fire, the race of men must soon have been extinguished, were fixed these living reservoirs of combustible fluid, which it only needed the exercise of reason, of perseverance, and of ingenuity, to bring within the power of the human family, by which a provision has been made for their wants, infinitely better suited to the circumstances of their lot, in their inhospitable deserts, than any other description of fuel that could be named. Coals would have required the assistance of beasts of burden, and the convenience of roads to remove them from their pits to the places where they were to be consumed, and the very nature of the climate rendered both of these equally impossible to be obtained. Wood, even, supposing it could have been had, would have been almost as inconvenient; but the seals are to be met with readily, and killed with ease, affording for a moderate degree of labor and ingenuity, not only an ample banquet, but a considerable quantity of the best oil, to feed the flame on which their food, their drink, and their comfort mainly depend. How can we contemplate such facts as these, without admiring the goodness and the care of that God, who has so liberally furnished the means of subsistence, even in this wild, desolate, and barren country.

## FATHER AND CHILD.

LONG, long ago a whitehaired blind old man  
Sought with a fair young guide the Ægean shore ;  
A rocky ledge along the margin hoar.  
He sat, and listened to the wild waves' roar ;  
They spoke to him of things that were no more.  
With lifted, sightless eyes he seemed to peer  
Into the vast unknown that stretched before ;  
Then bent his hoary head and seemed to hear,  
As in a dream of heaven, sweet music whispered near.

Full o'er his soul the flood of glory burst—  
Bright visions of the mighty days of old,  
When heavenly powers with mortal man conversed,  
And men themselves were of diviner mould ;  
His parted lips the inward rapture told.  
In silence long he sat. Then, swift and strong,  
As though no feeble walls of flesh could hold  
The restless spirit, broke the tide of song ;  
And the great waves exulting glanced in light along.

The maiden gazed upon her noble sire,  
And caught each thrilling accent as it fell,  
And wrote on memory's page those words of fire,  
And like a sacred trust she kept them well.  
Aye ! to the end of time those notes shall swell,  
They breathe a spirit that no years can tame,  
And latest ages feel the wondrous spell.  
Sweet Poesy ! where'er thy sway is owned,  
Thy mighty Father reigns, in glory throned.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE beginning of a new year is a fit time in which to take our bearings, to see how we stand in relation to the world at large, and in reference to our immediate occupation in particular. No time suits us better wherein to take those strong resolutions, the result of serious conviction, and nothing behooves us more than the daily practice of this serious thought, which will make us men in the intellectual sense of the word, *men* in the specific sense also, which indicates that we are possessed of that strength of will and determination of character without which manhood is a by-word, and our character as men a myth.

There is much in the condition of the world at the present moment to render it important for us to become men of such mental calibre that we will not be victims of every kind of doctrine, political or religious.

The words of the prophet, bewailing the fact that the world was desolate because no man thought seriously in his heart, were not as true in that day as in the present.

Unfortunately for the world at large, the doctrine of private interpretation, the prattle about individual independence, the demagogical harangues which tell men of progress, enlightenment, and similar undetermined generalities are such that people on the whole have been thrown off their guard; they cease to reason; fail to look ahead, are bewildered by the dust and smoke which surround them, and leave themselves, unprotected, to the silly notions of their own hearts.

Men have been taught the most fatal of lessons, when told that they have nothing to learn from the past. They received the most dangerous direction when told, in popular but fallacious language, to "live in the mighty present."

WHEN men have begun by forbidding the practice of what is good, they may soon be expected to continue by encouraging that which is evil. This induces us to say just a word in passing, contrary to our custom, upon the political crimes now being perpetrated in Louisiana, under the plea of preserving law and order. The latest evidence of this injustice is fully given in the memorial prepared by some of Louisiana's most prominent citizens, who assert that:

"Having failed in all our appeals to justice and the patriotism of the President and Congress, we now, as a last resort, appeal to the source of all power,

the people of the whole country, whose moral influence we invoke in the hope of awakening that justice to our wrongs and sufferings which is accorded to a brave and free people struggling for liberty, in confidence that a virtuous public sentiment may compel the unprincipled men who are preying upon the vitals of the State to let go their hold. We hope it may react upon the Executive and Congress, and compel them to grant us that relief which neither their sense of justice nor regard for the fundamental institutions of the country has been able to effect."

The conduct of the prevailing power in Louisiana politically is a counterpart of what is being enacted in various parts of Germany, where unfortunate, persecuted Catholics are deprived of every right, religious or political, because they refuse to bend the knee before that modern Baal, Bismarck. We hope, though, that having introduced himself into the sanctuary of the Lord, for the purpose of robbing the sacred place of its wealth, the German trooper count may experience the treatment visited some thousands of years ago upon the first of sacrilegious thieves.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly, but grind exceeding fine," is an old saying; and without failing in charity, we are strongly inclined to believe the day not too far off when the stone which the Chancellor has dared to raise above his own head will fall, and crush in its descent the hardy political fool who has learned nothing from the lessons of history, and whose pride would seem to be, as shown in caricatures that were numerous some time ago, to pull down in a few years the divine institution which the demon has sought during nineteen centuries to destroy, and against which Christ himself has promised the gates of hell shall not prevail.

Withal it is painful, despite the knowledge that these things will not last; it is painful, we repeat, to read, week after week, of the petty, annoying, and despicable treatment to which Catholics, whether clerics or laymen, are subjected.

It is not necessary to enter into particulars as to the spirit that animates this contest on the one hand, and the assured victory that is in store for the persecuted on the other.

The chances are not more in favor of Bismarck than they were of Napoleon I; and notwithstanding his belief to the contrary, the arms did fall from his soldiers' hands, and the Pope lived to pity the man who had imprisoned him not long before.

Bismarck's hatred of Christ and his Church is no greater than Julian's; and the latter, when on the point of complete success, was defeated, and cried out, not in the spirit of penance, but in vexation, similar to that which already seems to possess the Chancellor, "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!"

LIBERALISM has proved itself, in Mexico as elsewhere, true to its real nature. Everywhere in act it contradicts the spirit with which it professes to be actuated. It has assumed the name Liberal. In fact it is the quintessence of illiberality. In proof we cite the recent action of the Mexican Congress, a body ruled by this so-called Liberal spirit, in expelling from Mexico the Sisters of Charity.

The New York *World* in speaking of these devoted religious well says: "The daughters of St. Vincent are known and honored of all men, of whatever creed, who are capable of appreciating unselfish devotion, untiring benevolence, and that most intelligible of all forms of the love of God which expresses itself in loving service to the poorest and most miserable of his creatures." In their charity they know no distinction of color, race, or creed. The only condition necessary to elicit their sympathies and secure their charitable ministrations is to be in need of them. To feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the sick, instruct the ignorant, is their constant and life-long work, and to that they devote themselves with a self-abnegation and zeal that have elicited the admiration of all except the infidel bigots, who style themselves *par excellence* Liberals, friends of humanity, and advocates of human progress.

The Order of the Sisters of Charity has been established in Mexico for upwards of thirty years. During all this period their works have been their most eloquent eulogy. But neither their works of charity nor the wants and sufferings of the thousands, who, through their expulsion, will be left without succor and help, had any effect upon the cold and cruel hearts of Mexican Liberals.

The number of Sisters whom they have expelled is four hundred and ten. Of these three hundred and fifty-five are natives of Mexico. Of the others, twenty-nine are from France, twenty-five from Spain, and one from Ireland. They had charge of forty-three charitable institutions in Mexico, and supported twenty-eight of these entirely by the contributions made to them for charitable purposes. In these institutions there were no less than twenty-one thousand one hundred and forty-five poor and infirm people, who were receiving help, succor, medical care, and nursing. All these are now thrown upon the cold charity of the world, or left to starve and die.

This is a fit commentary upon the real principles of Liberals in Mexico and elsewhere. *By their deeds ye shall know them.*

It is not strange that England should ape Prussia in her antagonism to the Church. The ties which bind the two dynasties are such as to create a sympathy in this work. It is not honorable, however, that the English Catholic lords, who have cast their lot partially with the "old Catholics," should have waited till these had stood the greatest brunt of the battle. They remind us strongly of those little curs which wait till their larger brothers have worried the victim, and who then rush in with eyes projecting, ears uplifted, and bark at highest pitch, to help to finish the work.

It may be as well for these gentlemen to understand that "old Catholicism" has no chance in England while such men as Manning, Newman, and others of that stamp watch the interests of the Church.

Their word is so fully accepted, that when they deny any assertion of their assailants, their assurance is taken by the better class of Englishmen; and the burden of proof being transferred to their antagonists, these sink under the very load that they have created.

In a few months these English lords will discover their mistake, and either come back to the mother whose breasts they have, perhaps, unwittingly torn; or, maybe, they will go out from a Church whose humility they cannot embrace, and to whose infallible chief they are unwilling to pay full allegiance.

On the other hand, among the distinguished families in England, the number of conversions is steadily progressing. God, who in his infinite power draws good from the evil which men commit, opens the eyes of those whose hearts are not hardened against the truth; and, through the very defection of a few, draws many into the fold, who, were it not that their attention is called by those delinquent children to the doctrines which these despise, would never receive that truth which alone makes men free.

No stronger proof of the insane policy pursued by Bismarck need be mentioned than that he no longer wishes German ladies to give evidence of their being possessed of those traits which adorn true womanhood, and whose absence would stamp princess or pauper as unworthy her sex. Now, what becomes woman better than to sorrow with the afflicted, to sympathize with the oppressed? Shall woman be blamed for following the partner of her joys as of her sorrows? Shall she be stigmatized because, forsooth, she waits at the prison door to welcome to liberty him in whom her heart is

centred? Still, such is the satanic barbarity of the modern Machiavelli that princesses, the spiritual daughters of the distinguished German prelates whose late imprisonment has added new laurels to their crowns, even on earth, must pay a fine or be incarcerated with the outcast, the person of ill-fame, for having had the audacity to show themselves ladies, when their persecutor had ceased to show the ordinary feelings of manhood.

There will be no brighter page in the history of this Prussian anti-Catholic crusade than that which will tell of the conduct of these noble ladies; while no more damning testimony can ever be brought against the Chancellor than the proved assertion that, in his desperate encounter with the Church, he wished her daughters to forget their sex and their rank to do his bidding, and thus become the pliant tools of his atrocious tyranny.

THE indications are, that in spite of the unusually mild winter we so far have had, we may expect considerable misery among the poor. It is usual for political economists to dilate, in an unchristian spirit, about the crime of poverty, and to assert that there need be none such as claim to require the daily and hourly assistance of their fellow-men.

We have no patience to argue the case with those *soi-disant* economists. Suffices it for us to know that Christ tells his Church, "the poor ye always have with ye." We accept the responsibility, knowing that to deny these objects of charity our meed of help would be to deserve the anathema pronounced against those who have seen Christ through his poor, naked, hungry, and thirsty, and have not relieved them.

The times are hard! No one thinks of denying this; but can we not do something to alleviate the sufferings of the distressed?

One new hat less; the deprivation of the latest-fashioned gaiters; the sacrifice of one evening's amusement; and only one, on the part of each of us, and what untold misery might be prevented! Let us not say that the asylums, the hospitals, and the almshouses will provide for the needy. Almshouses are a Protestant institution, erected to hide away Christ's poor, in receiving whom we receive our Lord himself.

An effort on the part of each is all that is needed. If we seek, and must have amusement, let it be taken where the cause of charity presents the attraction.

If we have the means, and are not called upon by the poor, or are in such a position as to be beyond their reach, we may fitly place our alms in the hands of some one of those excellent societies whose members devote themselves to the service of the needy.

And, let it not be forgotten, "that he who gives to the poor lends to the Lord."

PROFESSOR COPE has recently published a report of discoveries in Colorado of numerous fossil remains. Mastodons of species quite different from that so frequently found in the Eastern States, were found to be abundant; while camels and horses had evidently existed in droves. One of the most singular discoveries was that of deer which did not shed their horns as do modern species of that type; but there was abundant reason to believe that they were frequently broken off in combats. To keep the herbivorous animals in check, there were several species of wild dogs; while, to eat them when life had departed, a large vulture, allied to the turkey-buzzard, was prepared, as the fossil remains demonstrate.

About one hundred species of animals were obtained, of which two-thirds are mammalia, and a large percentage new to science. The crocodiles were very numerous, and turtles swarmed.

The largest species were those of the genus *Bathmodon*, of which five species were discovered, which range from the size of the Indian rhinoceros to that of the tapir. They resembled closely the elephant in the structure of the feet and legs, but the tapir and the bear in the character of the skull. They were armed with most formidable tusks, and their crania were solid and well-thickened to repel attack.

Besides these, there were numerous species more nearly resembling the tapirs, and in some remote degree the horses, of a more harmless type; while a numerous population of carnivora restricted the increase of the rest. Sixteen species of flesh-eating forms were found, some of them minute, and others of powerful make, but all far removed from the existing types, and more or less related in structure to other kinds of quadrupeds, especially to those of insectivorous habits.

THE international jealousies and fears of European governments may possibly lead to some improvement in the political status of Poland. In 1830 its constitutional rights were abolished by Russia. Since then its condition has seemed almost hopeless. There now appears to be a prospect that its local autonomy will be restored.

The motive which may induce the Russian bear to release his deadly hug is fear, lest in case of war with Germany, Poland might turn the scale from victory to defeat. In the altered condition of Europe brought about by the boundless ambition and lust for aggrandizement of Prussia, the governments of Russia and France have been brought together, and their united forces



might prove even more than equal to the German Landsturm. But Poland might paralyze all effective movement on the part of Russia. Nothing would be easier, and nothing more probable in case of such a conflict, than for Germany to promise independence to Poland. A host of armed men would spring up as in a night on Poland's soil, thirsting for an opportunity to avenge the wrongs of their country, and re-establish its freedom.

Russia is not blind to this, and has taken steps looking to a federal arrangement with Poland, which if consummated, will secure to her a qualified local autonomy.

AT a late meeting in Baltimore of the "Methodist Episcopal Ministers' Association," the question "whether the encroachments of the Roman Catholic Church in this country form a just ground of apprehension, and whether there should be united and organized efforts of Protestants to resist the same," was discussed by Bishop Ames, Revs. C. W. Baldwin, J. H. Brown, and others. The general tenor of the remarks was *against direct organization*, but that there should be Christian effort to resist all injurious encroachments.

It is hard to imagine what our enlightened Methodist friends mean by "encroachments of the Roman Catholic Church." If it were said by Roman Catholics, we could easily understand. Some time ago we read a communication to one of our exchanges, complaining of the "encroachments" of "Romanists." According to the writer (and we suspect his statement is entirely correct), they were "encroaching" into kitchens and bakeries, hotels and railroad cars, into the boats that brave the dangers of the raging canals and the steamers that ply upon our rivers, into banks, and courts, and Congress. These terrible "Romanists" are everywhere, and everywhere, too, they are increasing in number, and making converts from every religious sect. No wonder our Methodist friends are terrified.

OUR Protestant exchanges are availing themselves of the "flushness" supposed to exist at New Year to appeal for missionary help. The *Reformed Church Messenger* publishes this suggestive paragraph:

"It is felt, however, by many that the Church has not come up to its full measure of duty in regard to the cause of foreign missions. It ought to have one or more missions in foreign countries, which it can call distinctively its own, and until this is the case, the Church can, in our judgment, never be properly enlisted in this particular kind of work."

"Until the Church has *one* or more missions in foreign countries!"

We would like to know how this sect can assume the name "*Church*," even after Protestant style, when it has not even one mission in foreign lands. Go ye and teach *all* nations, was the command. What a satire upon its own professions and assumptions on the part of this organ of a fragment of a sect!

DARWINISM REVERSED!—A somewhat remarkable pamphlet has been published in Germany, as a contribution to the literature of Darwinism. The writer, while admitting the principle of descent by evolution, contends that the carrying out of this principle, so far from leading, as is generally supposed, to a multiplication of species and to a gradual rise to more and more perfect organic forms, must necessarily result in a gradual diminution in the number of species, a fusing together of form after form, and a descent to more lowly, instead of an ascent to more highly organized structures. The succession of organized beings he compares not to a tree branching out into infinite ramifications, but to a river uniting in itself an infinitude of smaller streams. Whether the proposition is a serious one, or whether it is put forward as a *reductio ad absurdum* by a furtive opponent of evolution, it is difficult to say; but the argument is carried out with considerable ability, and a strong point is made of the acknowledged degeneracy of many races of men from the condition of their ancestors, and of the gradual dying out of tribes and the consolidation of the human family into an ever-decreasing number of types.

WITHIN the past few months a very marked effort has been made by the temperance societies to get the financial part of the Centennial Fountain project under way.

Catholics, more than any other body of Christians, will have reason to rejoice in the Centennial of American Independence; and one of the best exponents of this proud rejoicing, will be the unveiling of the great temperance fountain in Philadelphia.

Unlike the bold prophet whose figure will be the central point of attraction, the directors of the Fountain Fund should only have to strike once, and the streams of generosity that course through the Catholic heart shall gush forth, replenishing the coffers, and refreshing the hearts of those who have undertaken this praiseworthy object.

THE Suez Canal is working important commercial changes in Asia as well as in Europe. The importance of Damascus as a central meeting-point of Asiatic merchants has been seriously lessened. It was customary heretofore for the pilgrims to Mecca,

from Central Asia and Syria, to congregate at Damascus and supply themselves with goods, which carried to Mecca and laid upon the tomb of the false prophet, acquired a sacred character in the estimation of the Mohammedans, and were subsequently disposed of at greatly advanced prices. The completion of the Suez Canal has opened a more convenient route to Mecca through Egypt, and Damascus is rapidly losing the trade upon which much of its commercial prosperity depended.

"THE young ladies of the graduating class of the Convent of the Visitation, Frederick, Md., sent a specimen of their bread and biscuit to the Agricultural Fair held in that city in October, and were awarded the first premium for the same. This class has always learned to make bread, etc., and this year each one takes her turn for a week at general cooking, going to the kitchen and learning to prepare and cook the dinner every day. This is a branch of education that is sadly neglected, and one never touched upon by those advocating woman's rights; probably for the good reason that few among *them* are capable of making a good batch of bread or cooking a digestible dinner."

It is worthy the attention of all our ladies' institutes.

THE magnificent structure of the Cathedral of Boston, Mass., one of the largest and finest cathedrals in America, is now so near completion that all the vast staging, inside and out, necessary for the prosecution of such work, was removed last week, and the splendid edifice, in all its proportions and beauty, can be looked upon without let or hindrance. Upon entering the church, one is really lost in astonishment at its vastness. Before him stretches away three hundred feet of unbroken view, until an elevation of about three feet indicates the altar space of perhaps thirty feet in length. Looking from the altar wall to the entrance, one fully realizes its vast dimensions, and the beauty and completeness of the massive work, which will stand for ages to come, a monument of the zeal, energy, and devotion of the clergy and people who erected it to the honor and glory of God.

WE notice from our exchanges that Christmas was more generally observed in New England than in any previous year. The descendants of the Puritans appear to be in a fair way of becoming acquainted with the meaning and intention of the Festival of the Nativity. As to the extent of their knowl-

edge of "the Bible," of which they used to talk so much, a newspaper clipping is apropos:

"There is an old story of a divinity student at Cambridge who, when asked a question about Gamaliel, replied, after a few minutes' reflection, 'Ah! I know; a mountain in Asia Minor. People used to go and sit at the foot of it.'"

HER MAJESTY's ship Basilisk has just returned to England after a commission of nearly four years, and brings word that a large archipelago of islands has been discovered in the neighborhood of New Guinea, and that two mountains in this region, each about 11,000 feet high, have been named "Mount Gladstone" and "Mount Disraeli." It would seem that the commander of the expedition was rather in doubt which Government would be in office when he came home, and thought to make sure of being on the right side by naming a mountain after each of the rival Premiers.

RECENT investigations in regard to the slave trade on the Eastern shores of the Red Sea, show that that horrid traffic is still largely carried on. They are usually first driven from ports on the Red Sea to Mecca, where they are sold to Mohammedan pilgrims from Persia, Syria, and Egypt. Not more than thirty per cent. of the slaves captured in Central Africa survive the hardships of the voyage and journey to Mecca.

MONSIGNOR PUGNIER, Bishop of Tong-King, writes from the capital of French Cochin China respecting the recent massacre of native Christians. He says that the number of victims amounts to several thousands, including old men, women, and children. About 70,000 Christians or converts have been totally ruined and dispersed. "The material loss of the two missions," he adds, "exceeds 400,000 francs, and that of our Christians may be estimated at 15,000,000 francs."

THE French Academy of Sciences, it is announced, is considering the propriety of adopting the meridian of Greenwich, which is already recognized by the greater part of the Continent, in lieu of that of Paris. The meridian would touch the French soil at Tronville, and, in the event of the Government sanctioning the change, a column would be erected on the spot. An international meridian, it is urged, would be very advantageous for vessels which have to ask information as to their precise position at sea.



## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

IRISH SINGERS' OWN BOOK. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1873.

The stray notes of the harp of Erin float through this volume in echoing battalions. It is a compilation of the most popular Irish melodies, good, bad, and indifferent. Indeed, we doubt if there is a lyric strain of any Irish bard which cannot be read in some one of its volumes, for it is really a binding together, in one musical embrace, of three different volumes. We have only to mention their respective names to make every child of Erin's heart throb, his ears tingle, and his feet involuntarily keep step to the national measures of the bard whose harp from Tara's ruined walls does shed the *soul* of music through every heart, all reiterated declarations to the contrary notwithstanding. These three volumes united under the above caption are, "*The Wearing of the Green Song-Book*," "*Songs, Comic and Sentimental*," and "*Tom Moore's Melodies*." The reader must not, however, suppose that this is an ordinary song-book. Both in style of binding, and as an exponent of the popular music of one of the most musically gifted people on the face of the earth, it is worthy of a prominent place in every library, public or private; in fact, it is a standard work of its kind, reflecting great credit on the enterprise of its publisher. We must not forget to add that it also contains a brief collection of anecdotes of O'Connell, and poetical pieces suitable for recitations.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY; or, The Catholic Church the Way of Salvation as Revealed by the Holy Scriptures. By Rev. Augustus F. Hewit, of the Congregation of St. Paul. New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1874.

From that most charming of summer retreats, whose every breeze is redolent with scenic beauty, historic memories, and associations dear to every Catholic heart, St. Mary's of the Lake, Lake St. Sacrament (vulgariter Lake George), Father Hewit sends forth to the struggling world of ignorant doubters this little work like a dove of peace from the ark to the storm-tossed religious world. Its author's name is the guarantee of the excellence of the literary merits of the work. It may be asked, have we not in all conscience enough religious and controversial works? What need for another? We might reply, that Father Hewit, as a priest of God, and one

who has the care of vast numbers of souls, is a sentinel placed on the watchtowers of the church, surveying the field of her combats and struggles, and is therefore able to discern any parts of the defences that need strengthening, or any of the enemy's forces that need encouragement to enter the true fold, and he therefore is the best judge of the means for either end. He distinctly declares in his preface, that while a large number of our controversial works are written for the wavering members of the High Church portion of Protestants, who need persuasion rather than argument to make their "Romanizing" tendencies bear the good fruit of conversion, yet there is not so much attention given to the sincere seekers for truth, who, having doubts of their religious position, are so totally befogged by the radical vapors of evangelicalism, that they require a dogmatic explanation of their own fundamental errors; but who, because they belong to the despaired of sects, receive nothing but abuse or sarcasm.

The office, therefore, of the "King's Highway" is manifest, and we think Father Hewit has done well in turning his attention to a class of good people who are really the flower of our converts when once they embrace the truth. Nor is it without instruction for those of the household of the faith, for if they would win their separated brethren to their Father's house, they must possess themselves of the means appropriate for the various classes of individuals whom God may send in their way for the purpose.

May its glad inspiration exhilarate the souls of its readers like the visions of beauty that enrapture the visitor around sweet *Lac St. Sacrement*.

MANUAL OF THE SODALITY OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. Second enlarged edition. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1874.

It is but three months since the first edition of this little work was published, and already it is exhausted, its sale being quickened by the rapid spread of the new Sodality of the Sacred Heart, for whose members this book is especially designed. The fact, however, that it has met with so great a sale at a time when so many similar works are being issued, proves that the public opinion about its merits has not waited for the judgment of the critics, and also proves more ably than any criticism the value of its contents.



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